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THE  
OCEAN QUEEN  
& C.

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A85  
O3







Chas. Fair







Painted by J. Jackson R.A.

Engraved by F. Portbury.

THE ROBE OF CAPTAIN M. P. M.



THE  
OCEAN QUEEN,

AND  
OTHER POEMS,

BY

**N E M O.**

*Henry Gardner & Co.*  

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Scribimus indocti doctique, poemata passim.  

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CHATHAM:

A. ETHERINGTON, HIGH STREET,  
MESSRS. SHERWOOD, GILBERT AND PIPER,  
PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

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1836.

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# PREFATORY

## AND

### DEDICATORY STANZAS.

---

LADEN with Fancy's half-blown blossomings,  
And buds, (not "buds of promise" would they were,)   
My fledgeling Muse's votive offerings,—  
Fruits all unripe, selected with no care,  
Plucked as they came to hand,—my bark doth dare,  
The dangers of the wild unstable deep  
Of *public opinion*: few are there  
Who, when the gales of *criticism* sweep,  
Its restless surface o'er, their sails aloft can keep.

No spars are her's, bedecked with flaunting pride,  
Nought is there in her cargo to allure,  
The Corsair of the *literary* tide,  
That dread of vent'rous Authors, hight Reviewer!  
Whose raking fire not many may endure,  
And *mine* the least of any; may she sail  
On, in her insignificance secure,  
Nor be her progress stayed by that fierce hail,  
At which the stoutest crew, and bravest captains quail.

As yet 'mid *friendly* states her course has lain,  
Close along shore, where Storms nor Rovers come ;  
But now,—complete her lading,—o'er the main,  
The wide unsheltered main, she far must roam ;  
A bubble cast upon the ocean's foam,  
A feather floating in a stormy sea,  
Commissioned,—should she reach that distant dome,—  
To offer at the shrine of Poesy,  
This wreath from One, the Nine's most humble devotee.

A nut-shell amid Navies, may she ride,  
E'en as the Nautilus, in safety o'er  
The wave, nor from her course be turned aside,  
By mightier vessels bearing to that shore,  
Where Fame erects her temple ; long and sore  
Must be her buffetings, oh ! may her state,  
So weak and helpless, 'mid the tempest's roar,  
Compassion, in some feeling breast create,  
To stretch a helping hand, ere yet it be too lato.

To those who lent their aid to build my Bark,  
And launch her forth, my grateful thanks are due,  
And, of my gratitude a trifling mark,  
SUBSCRIBERS ! do I dedicate to you  
These untaught lays ; full soon shall I renew  
My “grey goose quill,” and strive my verse to mend,  
'Till then, to one and all, I bid adieu !  
And many a prayer, will Nemo upward send,  
That health, and every blessing, may on you and your's  
attend.



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# THE OCEAN QUEEN.

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## INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

---

BOUND on a voyage to the western world,  
A stately ship which Britain's ensign bore,  
While yet the grey dawn's mist o'er ocean curl'd,  
And wrapt in dim obscurity the shore,  
Roused with her gun's reveberating roar,  
The voyagers, from out their tranquil sleep,  
Who hastening to the beach, beheld spread o'er,  
The canvas white, upon the spars so steep ;  
Then broke forth many a parting word, and sob of sorrow  
deep.

I saw that vessel sail from out the bay,  
Which never mortal eyes beheld again,  
Lightly she bounded on her watery way,  
As bounds the stag across the verdant plain :  
And smooth, as is a mead was then the main ;  
Since then full many a year away has past,  
But tidings of her fate we ne'er could gain,  
Doubtless she on some hidden rock was cast,  
And perished every soul beneath the ocean vast.

Amid the passengers you might have mark'd—

A lovely girl, in deepest sables clad,  
And on the scene around, e'er she embark'd,  
A look she cast, so sorrowful, so sad,  
That cold indeed must be the heart, and bad,  
Which gave not forth the sympathising tear,  
Alone she came, no relatives she had,  
With words of comfort that sad hour to cheer,  
List ! Reader, and a tale of that fair girl thou'lt hear.

She was an Orphan, on the battle field,

Her father bravely fell in manhood's pride,  
Calling on Heav'n his much loved wife to shield,  
And children twain (now in the world so wide  
Ail friendless cast) from poverty's chill tide ;  
Hither they came, the mourning widow and—  
The fatherless, in yonder cottage did reside ;  
Six years pass'd o'er, when fell death's icy hand,  
And by their mother's grave I saw those Orphans stand.

The younger child, a sweet though fragile flower,

Soon 'neath the sod beside that mother lay,  
Nipp'd in the bud, it blossomed for an hour,  
Then all its bloom, and fragrance past away ;  
It pined for her whose mild voice could allay,  
And soothe each grief of infancy to rest.  
'Tis true her sister o'er her night and day  
Watched, and each wish was granted ere' express,  
But Oh ! she long'd to nestle, on the fond maternal  
breast.

Now was our Heroine indeed alone,  
A stranger amid strangers, and so young,  
(For scarce had sixteen summers o'er her flown)  
It did appear as destiny had rung  
The knell of all her earthly hopes, o'erhung  
The horizon with dark clouds of gloom and strife :  
Her father from a noble race had sprung,  
But all connexion ceased, when for his wife,  
He took a maid from out the walks of humble life.

Many came forward, I among the rest,  
And offered an asylum to the Maid,  
But no ! her Mother's friends dwelt in the West,  
And she to cross the seas was not afra'd,  
She'd seek them out, and doubtless they some aid,  
Would render to an Orphan girl whose fate,  
(Here stifling sobs her anguish deep betray'd),  
Was so enwrapp'd in gloom, so desolate ;  
Great was her gratitude to us, greater than words could  
state.

And Oh ! (continued she) when I am gone,  
You'll think on her ! by whom will ne'er forgot—  
Your kindness be, and on the Sabbath morn,  
As often as you pass that burial spot,  
See that no weeds are suffered there to rot,  
That no rude hand the sacred tomb deface,  
And be assured whatever is my lot,  
(Again the tears bedewed her lovely face)  
My prayers will rise for those, who sought my woes to  
chase.

Deeply her words sank on each listener's heart,  
And to secure it from unhallowed tread,  
We railed around the green spot set apart,  
To be the widow's, and her infant's bed ;  
And on a marble slab, may now be read,  
(Which rests upon the chancel's sacred wall)  
In memory of her ! on whose young head,  
Affliction's hand so heavily did fall,  
This stone is placed, her virtues, and her sufferings to  
recall.

I loved that beauteous Girl, she call'd to mind  
My own fair daughter, she whom long ago,  
I to the bosom of the earth consigned,  
And a strange pleasure mingled with my woe  
When gazing on her, as she like the roe,  
Bounded in glee, the flowery meads along,  
Ere' her young heart had felt grief's bitter throe,  
Or hushed was all the gladness of her song ;  
I mourn that lovely form, should sleep the waves among.

I cannot bear to think her dead, and oft,  
Upon a cliff which overhangs the main,  
I stand and muse, until her voice so soft,  
As in the days gone by, I hear again.  
And then does fancy weave her magic chain  
Around me, and displays full many a scene,  
Such as, though void of melody my strain,  
(Which, Reader, thou discovered hast I ween)  
I have depicted in my Lay "The Ocean Queen."

PART THE FIRST.

---

“Steady she goes !” cried the Helmsman bold,  
As the good ship Howe, o’er the ocean sped  
With every inch of canvas spread,  
From the clean-wash’d deck, to the topmast head ;  
“Steady she goes ! if this breeze should hold,  
Ere the bright sun sinks in his western bed,  
Many leagues from those white cliffs we shall be,  
From the home, and the friends of our youth so dear ;  
Then a long farewell ! to the Land of the Free !  
Come messmates ! join in a parting cheer :”  
Around the sturdy crew did stand,  
Each with his sea cap in his hand,  
’Twas waved on high, simultaneously  
Burst forth the spirit stirring cry ;  
As one, were their manly voices blent,  
Again, and again, was the wild shout sent,  
Hip ! hip ! hurrah ! o’er the waters far—  
On the wings of the freshening gale did fly.  
Loud and clear, was that farewell cheer,  
As it rose from the deck, on the morning air,  
But e’er it smote on the landsman’s ear,  
’Twas faint, as the wailings of despair ;  
As the cry for help ! when no help is near,  
When the mariner sinks, to a watery grave,  
While around him the billows, and rude blasts rave :  
It caused a cold chill, o’er the hearts to thrill,  
Of those who stood on the pebbly beach ;  
As though endowed with the power of speech,  
It seemed to say “We have passed away !  
We never again that shore shall reach.”

And then all uncontroul'd, the moan—  
(Which spake the spirit's bitterness)  
Broke forth, from those thus left alone,  
To war with sorrow, and distress.

Slowly the mourning group dispersed,  
And one, by one, with hearts emersed—  
In grief, their footsteps home they bent,  
And strove employment for the mind,  
In busy household cares to find,  
Assuming looks of blithe content,  
And cheerfulness they could not feel :  
Well swept, and sanded was the floor,  
Each thing its proper place within,  
And then, (more active duties o'er)  
They sat them down to sew, or spin ;  
Yet often was the whirling wheel,  
Allowed to pause in its career,—  
Unheeded, while the glistening tear—  
Was from the dimm'd eye seen to steal,  
And down the pallid cheek to glide,  
Which vain the sufferer sought to hide ;  
As missing from the accustom'd place,  
Some well beloved form, and face :  
And many a pillow was bedew'd,  
That night, with pearly drops of woe ;  
And many a prayer full oft renew'd  
From out the darksome solitude,  
Unto the throne of grace did go.  
Alas ! while sojourning on earth,  
Our best affections oft are made—  
Our greatest punishments, and mirth—  
Is quench'd 'neath sorrow's blighting shade.

The farewell cheers had to silence sank,  
And no sound the listening ear now drank,  
But the gale, as it whistled the cordage through,  
And the strain of her timbers as on she flew,  
Like the race horse flies o'er the level course;  
And the rush of the tide, which she dash'd aside,  
And it seem'd as she laugh'd in scornful pride—  
At the opposing wave, which she cleft with a force—  
Resistless, and shook from her prow the spray,  
Gleaming bright, in the beams of the God of day!  
Graceful she bent, as she caught the gale,  
On the ample spread of each snow white sail,  
'Till it seem'd that her tall spars sought the main,  
Then rose, as the breeze fell off again;  
Thus yielding to its influence,  
Like a thing possess'd of life, and sense:  
As swims the Wild-Swan, to his watery home,  
Now rising, now falling in wanton glee,  
The vessel sped on, through the fleecy foam,  
And danced o'er the billows right merrily.

Upon the quarter-deck apart—  
Paced one! whose mind was as a chart,  
Whereon is by a skilful hand,  
Traced out the boundary of each land;  
Each Creek, each Inlet, well he knew,  
Each Headland, and each rocky Cape;  
Had been in shipwrecks not a few,  
And many a tale of hair-breadth 'scape;  
Of perils on the raging flood,  
By landsmen little understood;  
Of sufferings almost past belief,  
Could tell that dauntless Ocean Chief.

A child was he, of storms, and strife,  
Old in experience, though his years—  
Had scarcely reach'd the prime of life,  
Dangers he scoff'd at, knew not fears ;  
Well skill'd the vessel's course to guide,  
In safety o'er the boundless tide,  
To avoid the quicksands, sunken rocks,  
The whirlpool's, and tornado's shocks ;  
To reef ! to furl ! belay ! haul taut !  
And every term of seamanship—  
Came readily from off his lip,  
As though by nature taught.

He loved an hour of social mirth,  
A can of grog to banish care :  
He loved the country of his birth,  
And deem'd there was no spot on earth,  
Could with that spot compare :  
No wife, no offspring dear had he,  
For long on land he ne'er did tarry,  
Once had he been about to marry,  
When duty summoned him to sea,  
And quite forgotten was his bride,  
In that good ship, his joy, his pride,  
The idol of his manly heart :  
Unknown to him the cringing part,  
He ne'er could stoop to be a slave,  
Sooner than foreign flag should wave,  
(In place of Britain's blazonry,)  
His vessel's tapering spars between,  
He'd fire the powder magazine,  
Bidding her scattered timbers fly—  
Far o'er the heaving wave ;



And sending to eternity—  
Himself, and crew so brave.

Such was the man ! who ne'er was heard  
To use a vain, or boastful word ;  
Who'd scorn to tell a lie,  
And ne'er beneath the jacket blue,  
Beat there a heart more brave, more true—

To honour's call, than his who trod—  
(As firmly treads the mountaineer,  
His native hills to him so dear,

In free unshackled liberty,  
Bowing to none, but to his God !)  
The quarter deck, while flashed his eye,  
And swell'd his heart exultingly,

As gradual land did disappear,  
And nought the gazer could descry,  
But the cloudless sky's blue canopy,  
And the wide waste of waters drear.

The passengers had all below—  
Retired, save one, who to and fro—  
With folded arms did pace ;  
Now pausing, did he fix his gaze,  
Where distantly amid the haze—  
The eye could scarcely trace—  
A little spot, a speck of white,  
Which glistened in the sun beams bright ;  
The chalky cliffs of Albion's Isle !  
Against the mast he leant awhile,  
As though his mind was torn and tost,  
And in the maze of memory lost ;  
Then as that spot grew less, and less,  
His feelings could he not repress,

But sounding low the waves along,  
Was heard "the Emigrant's Farewell Song."

Farewell ! oh farewell ! to the placid lake,

To the village embower'd in trees ;

Whose vernal boughs, soft melody make,

As they wave in the evening breeze ;

Where the nightingales song—

Floats the bowers among,

When twilight gathers around ;

And the churchbell's peal—

O'er the waters steal,

With a sweet, and a solemn sound :

Farewell ! oh farewell ! in a foreign clime,

Full oft will those strains so dear,

To memory recur, and that evening chime,

I again shall (in fancy) hear.

Farewell ! oh farewell ! to the quiet grot,—

Whence gushes the crystal spring ;

To that lovely, that sweet, sequester'd spot,

Where no sound, but the wild bees wing :

And the gurgling trill—

Of the murmuring rill,

The dreamy stillness invades ;

Where a soothing calm—

Does each wild thought charm,

And soft slumber each sense pervades :

Farewell ! oh farewell ! be it mine to roam,

Amid sunny smiles or tears ;

My thoughts will e'er turn to that much lov'd home,

And those scenes of my boyhood's years.

On ! on ! before the auspicious wind,  
Still bounding went the gallant bark,  
Leaving a white track far behind—  
Of foam, upon the waters dark ;  
So swiftly flies the wild Gazell,  
Chased by the Panther o'er the plain ;  
So bounds the Chamois when does swell—  
Upon the breeze the bugle strain,  
Or when mid glacier'd grotts the sound—  
Of hunter's rifle echoes round :  
The sun, the zenith long had past,  
And now declining in the west,  
His level beams obliquely cast,  
Upon the boundless ocean's breast,  
Tinging with gold each billow's crest,  
And on the vessels canvas throwing —  
A gorgeous, sanguine hue ;  
Now like a fiery furnace glowing,  
He slowly sank from view,—  
Behind the clouds of coming night,  
Which drank his beams of lustrous light ;  
So sinks to rest in glory's arms,  
Amid the battle's fierce alarms,  
The warrior, on the field of fight.

Spurning the waters with her keel,  
Like some lone spirit of the deep,  
Enveloped in the shades of eve,  
Which now their garment grey did weave,  
And all the scene around conceal,  
The vessel with impetuous speed,  
As to a goal by fate decreed,  
Did over the ocean sweep.

Shrill through the shrouds the western gale—  
Sang, and distended wide each sail,  
'Till the confining cords did strain,  
As they were like to snap in twain;  
Towards the topmast taper spars,  
Which seem'd to pierce the firmament,  
(Assuming now a dusky hue,  
A more intense, a deeper blue,  
And studded o'er with twinkling stars,  
Revolving in their silver cars)

The Captain's practiced glance was sent;  
As bend on land before the breeze,  
The vernal boughs of willow trees,  
Those slender spars were bent;  
He saw to ease them there was need,  
The prompt command did then succeed,  
"Reef! reef! without delay!"  
And as it loud and clear did ring,  
The crew upon the rigging spring,  
His orders to obey.

Now o'er the horizon's eastern verge,  
Is spreading seen, a silvery sheen,  
As the Aurora Borealis clear,  
Illumes the northern hemisphere,

That glancing ray, does brightly play,  
Where sky, and sea commingling meet  
A harbinger, the night doth greet,  
Which tells full soon, the pale moon,  
Will from her ocean bed emerge:

She comes! she comes! night's lovely Queen!  
Shedding around her dewy light,  
Making all beautiful, and bright.

The silver moon, far up had climb'd  
And from the bowers of bliss above,  
Where not a cloud was seen to wreath,  
Beam'd forth her looks of light, and love,  
Upon the reflux tide beneath ;  
Eight bells had musically chimed,  
Which told the midnight hour had flown,  
The log was cast with careful heed,  
Which to the practiced eye made known—  
The vessel's rate of speed :  
The Boatswain's whistle sounded shrill,  
As cry of Plover from the hill,  
(Which up does spring, on whirring wing,  
When fowler's footstep does intrude,  
Too near her tender, unfledged brood,  
Amid the heathery solitude,)  
Bidding the mariners forsake—  
Their hammocks, for the upper deck,  
Their turn of watch, and ward to take,  
To guard the ship from foes, or wreck,  
Scarce had its last vibrations rung,  
Ere' answering to the piercing call,  
Nimble they up the hatchway sprung,  
And quick were muster'd one, and all.

The men relieved, retired to rest,  
The stir, the bustle died away,  
And save the sailors ready jest,  
The lively laugh, the sally gay,  
Which cheerfulness of heart bespoke ;  
The flapping sail, the whistling gale,  
The surges rush, like fountains gush,  
No sound upon the stillness broke.

And had those men so soon forgot,  
The pleasant scenes they left behind ?  
The meads, the wood o'er shadow'd cot,  
Which seem'd for peace, and rest design'd ?  
Had all, all vanish'd from the mind ?  
The river winding through the vale,  
Fed by its tributary streams,  
On whose green banks they oft the tale—  
Of love, beneath the moon's pale beams,  
Had told, to not unheeding ears ?  
The friends who 'mid those bright scenes dwelt,  
Who hourly to their Maker knelt,  
For favouring gales to waft them on,  
The ocean's boundless breast upon ;  
That they may safe, and quick return,  
To those who for their presence yearn ?  
Who weary Heav'n with prayers, while tears,  
Express their anguish, and their fears ?

Oh no ! but He who dwells above,  
Who every secret spring does move,  
Which guides the acts of feeble man,  
(An atom in the mighty plan)  
Does in His wisdom so ordain,  
That those who dwell 'mid scenes of danger,  
To whom security's a stranger ;  
Seize with avidity each joy,  
With which the passing hour is rife,  
Nor let afflictions dark alloy,  
Embitter all their vent'rous life :  
Yet do affections fond retain—  
No less their influence o'er the heart,  
For acting not the mourners part.

Silent, and deep as a secret spring,  
Which gushes in crystal purity,  
Where the forest trees a dark shade fling,  
Unseen, unheard by the passer by;  
Ever to one object flowing,  
Nothing of estrangement knowing;  
Is the love the sailor cherisheth,  
Unquench'd by aught, save the hand of death.

A listening group had gather'd round—  
A son of Neptune, on whose head,  
Old time had hoary honours shed;  
Full fourscore years had roll'd them round,  
Since 'mid a tempest rude, and wild,  
He first saw light "an Ocean Child,"  
A weather beaten Sea-dog—one—  
Who'd seen (he said) "a little sarvice,"  
And much his converse ran upon,  
The gallant deeds of Howe, and Jarvis,  
Duncan, and others famed in story,  
Whose names like glancing beacon lights,  
Kindled upon the rocky heights,  
Which over-hang the path of glory;  
Guide on to where the shrine of fame,  
Emits a never dying flame :  
He loved to picture forth the battle,  
The cannon's roar, the muskets rattle,  
The clash of cutlas, thrust of pike,  
When Britons! did for Britain strike,  
And Gallia's flag of stainless white,  
On which the golden lilies gleam'd,  
Bow'd to old Albyn's greater might,  
Whose standard proudly o'er it stream'd.

To make the long night watch seem short,  
Tales would he tell, with marvels fraught,  
Of "Flying Dutchmen" bearing all—  
Their topsails in a heavy squall,  
When 'mid the elemental jars,  
Scarce could their ship with naked spars,  
Ride out the tempest's mighty shock,  
Whose wrath the stranger seem'd to mock ;  
Seen by the lightning's fitful gleam,  
Now in their lee, now weather beam,  
And on the deck a ghastly crew,  
Whose eyes (like charnel meteors blue)  
Glanc'd fearfully amid the gloom,

While shrieks, and horror filling yells,  
Were heard as issuing from the tomb,  
Mingled with sound of tolling bells :

Of Lapland Hags ! in icy cells,  
Surrounded by eternal frost,  
Who deal in diabolic spells,  
By which the ship is tempest tost,  
Or wafted on by favouring gales ;  
Of sharks voracious, and of whales—

So huge, that they can swallow up,  
(And feel no inconvenience from it,)  
A ship full rigg'd, as we a cup—  
Of Flip, would take with toast upon it.

Of water serpents miles in length,  
With tails of such prodigious strength,  
That with one stroke, they oft have broke—  
An island into several more ;  
" And this the reason is (said he)  
The place they call the Egcan Sea,



With little Isles is dotted o'er ;  
Once there were only two or three,  
But being in a mighty rage,  
(This happen'd in a by-gone age)  
A serpent used his scaly tail,  
Just as a thresher would his frail,  
Causing the pieces wide to fly,  
Like so much broken crockery."

This creature had he never seen,  
Still did believe it no less true,  
Than that the sea beneath was green,  
Or that the sky above was blue ;  
And an old messmate (one who had sail'd—  
With him, in years now long gone by,)  
Had thus, each circumstance detail'd,  
Just as it met his wondering eye ;  
He was a native of the west,  
Who calculated much, and guess'd—  
No word was there Apocryphal,  
Or ne'er might it be his again,  
To wander o'er the trackless plain ;  
Through tangled forests, dark, and wild,  
Where he had stray'd a fearless child ;  
To traverse prairies stretching far,  
His only guide the polar star,  
His only canopy the sky,  
His only bed the downy heather,  
Where the young Eagle sheds its feather,  
And all is grand sublimity ;  
The morass, and the bog to thread,  
Where oft in youth, his hand had sped,  
The swift unerring rifle ball ;

To shoot the foaming rapids through,  
All in his whirling light Canoe ;  
To scale the mountains, skim the lake,  
Where not a sound does silence break,  
Save the far-wheeling wild-fowl's call,  
And echoing roar of waterfall ;  
“ But listen Mates ! and then you'll larn,  
What I did of the Yankey's Yarn !

“ 'Twas on a sultry summer's day,  
Becalmed the good ship Boston lay,  
    Upon the broad Atlantic's breast ;  
The burning sun's meridian ray,  
Down on the heated decks did play,  
    And all the crew with sleep oppress.”

“ We gazed around, on every side,  
Was spread the iridescent tide,  
    As crystal mirror motionless ;  
Not e'en a zephyr there did ride,  
With strength to lift the veil aside,  
    Which screens a face of loveliness.”

“ The Dolphin there display'd each hue,  
From purple deep, to pale blue,  
    The playful porpoise leapt, and roll'd ;  
The swift Bonetta o'er us flew,  
On whose bright wings, the sun-beams threw,  
    A radiance, as of burnish'd gold.”

“ Reflected in the wave, appeared—  
Our vessels spars, which high up-rear'd,

Their crowded canvass to the sky ;  
In vain 'twas spread, no breezes cheer'd—  
Our hearts, with hopes of home endear'd  
The streamers hung down droopingly."

" Sudden a mighty rushing sound—  
Was heard, the waters all around,  
Were into wild commotion thrown ;  
The sky grew dark, as though there frown'd  
Above our heads, a pall profound,  
The brightness of the scene had flown."

" And now, emerging from the deep,  
A Serpent form was seen to leap—  
And plunge, amid the sleeping sea ;  
'Till, as its endless folds did sweep—  
And writhe, like mountains tall, and steep,  
The billows rose tumultuously."

" Nearer it came, and round our bark,  
Dash'd up the foaming waters dark,  
Then rear'd on high its monstrous head ;  
Which scarce for terror we could mark,  
Was armed with jaws, as of the shark,  
While glanced its eyes, a fiery red."

" The rays which shot from thence did seem,  
Like to the lightning's lurid beam,  
Amid the clouds of vapour black ;  
Which from his nostrils wide did stream,  
They fearfully did on us gleam,  
Who prostrate lay upon the deck."

“As o’er us bent the form immense,  
Each moment more, and more intense—  
The darkness grew, we gasped for breath;  
While, with a dreadful violence,  
The ship was whirl’d around, each sense—  
Was chill’d, as by the hand of death.”

“A mighty crash, was heard at last,  
A snapping sound, our eyes we cast,  
Expecting some disaster sore;  
The form was disappearing fast,  
Had vanished too, our mizzen mast,  
Which in his monstrous jaws he bore.”

“Subsided soon, the oceans swell,  
The darkness pass’d away, we fell—  
Upon our trembling knees in pray’r;  
But long it was, e’er we could quell—  
The fear, which in each breast did dwell,  
Gazing with wild, disorder’d air.”

“A breeze sprung up, which with delight—  
We hail’d, and e’er did close the night,  
We anchor’d in a pleasant bay;  
But the remembrance of that night,  
Which fill’d my spirit with affright,  
Will never! never! pass away.”

As thus, adorned with many a phrase,  
Whose meaning, unto ears polite,  
Was hid in darkness, as of night,  
His tale the sailor told;  
The men in accents of amaze,

With lifted hands, and upturn'd eyes,  
Betray'd the wonder, and surprise,  
    Which through their bosoms roll'd;  
Not that they doubted it, in sooth—  
They deem'd, most firmly deem'd it truth;  
    And had it been a thousand times,  
    More startling, more improbable,  
More fraught with horrors, they had given—  
Full credence, and each doubt have driven,  
    From out their breasts, nor could you tell,  
    A tale too wild, too wonderful,  
For their belief, who in each sigh—  
Of the night breeze, which wanders by,  
    And the vex'd waves to peace does lull,  
    Now rising with a louder swell,  
Now sinking in a dying fall,  
    In fancy hear, the death bell chimes,  
While many a drowning messmates call,  
With awe, the spirit does appall.

Who spectres view in every cloud,  
Which does the midnight sky enshroud;  
And in the mists which oft-times sweep,  
Across the surface of the deep,  
When all is vapour, dense, and dim,  
    Which vain the eye to penetrate—  
Endeavours, as the ship does swim,  
    Amid their every changing state;  
    Now seeming as she pass'd between—  
    Huge mountains, towering fleecy capp'd,  
As a ray struggles through above,  
And for a moment's space does move.

The darksome masses, and is seen—

The azure sky : and now enwrapp'd—  
In utter darkness, as her course,

She through some dismal cavern held,  
Amid whose windings, with a force—

Resistless, is she on propell'd  
While muttering sounds, of laughter hoarse,  
Resound around, and is beheld—

Grim shadowy forms, of Phantom's dire,

Which flit across the murky space,  
Released from out that dreadful place,  
Where burns the never-dying fire ;

For purposes to man unknown,  
Upon the winged gale to ride,  
Or wander o'er the wreck-bestrown,  
The ever restless tide.

Who omens read in every thing,

Which meets the eye, or greets the ear :  
The scream of Sea-fowl, on the wing,

Rising amid the tempest clear ;  
The rushing of the ravenous Shark,

Which cleaves the billows, swift, and strong,  
The passage of the Porpoise dark,

Which tumbles awkwardly along—

The heaving waters, on its way ;

The gambols of the Dolphin gay ;

The ponderous Whale's unwieldy play,

Which up its fount like jets does fling,

High in the sun-beams glittering ;

The Fire-Flake's bright phosphorant ray,

Which glances, like the evening star,

Sending its pale beams afar,

Through the pelucid element :  
 All ! all ! are omens eloquent,  
 And to the uninstructed mind,  
 Seem by the powers above design'd,  
 A timely warning to convey :  
 All ! all ! a meaning deep possess,  
 A never failing consequence ;  
 As soothsayers, of the times of old,  
 Events of evil, or of good, --  
 By signs, predicted, and foretold,  
 So do those dwellers on the flood,  
 Believe, that dark futurity,  
 Thus shadows forth, events which lie—  
 Deep in her mystical recess ;  
 And this fore-knowledge does depress,  
 Or causes o'er each glowing sense,  
 At thought of coming happiness,  
 To gush, a flood of joy intense.

And thus those men, who'd dauntless dash,  
 Where death, in every dreadful shape,  
 (From which it seem'd was no escape)  
 Encompass'd them around ;  
 Do shrink as 'neath the uplifted lash,  
 Cowers the offending hound !  
 Who for nought palpable, would care,  
 But fearless every danger dare,  
 Yet let a shadow, or a sound,  
 The courage, from their spirits scare :  
 But e'en the well-instructed man,  
 However fortified by thought,  
 Must own at times, as he does scan—  
 Those scenes sublime, with grandeur fraught ;

A feeling very near akin—  
To superstition, rise within ;  
Which his superior intellect,  
In vain, endeavours to deny,  
And which, the more he does reflect,  
The more his reasoning does defy ;  
What wonder then, that those who ne'er,  
The blest advantages did share—  
Of education, at the shrine—  
Of dark credulity, should kneel,  
And feel, as does a power divine,  
Her influence, o'er their senses steal ?

Oh ! who can gaze on the mighty deep,  
So fathomless ! vast ! illimitable !  
As it lies like a child enwrap't in sleep,  
When the waves are hush'd, and the winds are still ?  
When the moon-beams glance,  
O'er its broad expanse,  
And a silvery hue, on each riplet shed ;  
When nought but the main,  
Like a boundless plain—  
Is seen, and the blue sky over head ?  
Oh ! who can gaze in that tranquil hour,  
Nor feel within his breast arise,  
Feelings too deep, for definement's power,  
So fraught with unspeakable phantasies ?



PART THE SECOND.

---

Oh! there is a bright, and a beautiful land,  
Full many a fathom, the waves beneath,  
Which softly flow o'er a gem-strewn sand,  
(Where the crimson, and white coral-branches wreath,)  
With a murmuring low, as of gliding streams;  
Such a fairy-like scene, as we oft in our dreams—  
Behold, when blest fancy, assumes her sway,  
And bears us far! far! from the earth away:  
There never is heard, a discordant note,  
Unknown, the dark list of mortality's woes;  
But every sound, which around does float,  
Breathes a peaceful, a hush'd, and a quiet repose:  
Unheard is the tempest, that land within,  
When the storm spirit sweeps, the white ocean o'er,  
And wakens the waves, to a wild uproar;  
When all is confusion, and deaf'ning din,  
When the thunders roll, and the lightnings fly,  
When havoc, and death, ride the bursting billow,  
There, all is serene, as an infant's pillow,  
And soft, as the nurse's lullaby.

'Tis there, "the King of the Ocean" reigns,  
Lord supreme, o'er those vast domains,  
Which compass the earth, like a girdle round,  
Stretching so far, beneath land, and sea,  
That like to the realms of eternity,  
They seem to possess, nor end, nor bound:  
He holds his court, where the Dolphins sport,  
And the Mullet, and Gold-Fish love to rove,  
In a palace plann'd, by no mortal hand,  
Whose towering columns, and roof above,

Are with glittering petrefactions deck'd,  
Which fling their bright rays, far and wide,  
Whose wonders, scoff at the puny pride,  
And the skill of an earthly architect.

Oh ! rich, and varied beauties greet—  
The eye, in that subterranean retreat :  
Here ! is the solid granite riven,  
In mighty masses far apart ;  
There ! white as fleecy snow-flakes driven,  
As though in mockery of art,  
The stone displays, the sculptor's craft,  
In groined arch, and oriel shaft ;  
Here ! all is delicate tracery,  
Like foliage of a Lady's bower ;  
There ! jutting bold, and rising high,  
Like Castle battlement, and tower ;  
Here ! like the garden gay Kiosk,  
With its light, and graceful minarets ;  
There ! as the dome of gilded Mosque,  
From whence, when rises sol, or sets,  
Is heard, from its aerial balcony,  
(Far floating on the stilly air,)  
The solemn-toned Muzzin's call,  
When, does the turban'd Moslem fall,  
Upon his knees, with downcast eye,  
And breaths to Mahomet a prayer ;  
Here ! ornamented like a shrine,  
Or Chapel-Oratory small ;  
There ! plants marine are seen to twine,  
And wreath round pillars, straight, and tall,  
Like to some spacious festive Hall,  
Bedeck'd for masquerade, or ball.

Hark ! hark ! to the Triton's sounding shell,  
The choral minstrelsy to swell,

A thousand voices now combine,  
With their deep innotations ;  
'Till every cave, and sparry cell,  
And every grot, and spongey dell,  
Is fill'd, with melody divine,  
With echoing vibrations :

Louder, and louder, swells the strain,  
Now issues forth a glittering train,  
Behold ! the Ocean King ! appears,  
As brightly glance the polished spears,  
Upon a battle plain,  
When lifted high, towards the sky,  
Flashing the sun-beams back again,  
So flashes bright, the Monarch's eye.

His giant bulk, and towering height,  
Proclaim the majesty of might,  
No armour, does his form invest,  
Bared to the view, his mighty chest,  
Invulnerable as coat of mail,  
Which vain, aught mortal might assail ;  
His jet-black hair, streams far behind,  
As banners, float upon the wind ;  
No diadem is on his head,

His person bears no ornament,  
But in his mien, and in his tread,  
And in the glance which round is sent,  
The more than mortal may be read,  
All ! all ! proclaim the God !  
The thronging thousands prostrate bent,  
Submissive to his nod.

The Trident, symbol of command,  
Is borne within the Monarch's hand ;  
'Tis waved around, their voices sink,  
They eager list his words to drink ;  
And now a sound is heard,  
Like forests by the night breeze stirr'd ;  
“ Bring forth my Car ! ” his car is brought,  
'Tis formed of Ivory richly wrought,  
And carved in many a rare device ;  
Whereon are monstrous shapes displayed,  
The Lizard, and the Cockatrice,  
With shining precious stones inlaid,  
Whose scaly coats do glance, and gleam,  
Until they rife with motion seem.

He mounts, and now with loosen'd rein,  
The steeds bound o'er the level plain ;  
Then 'midst a cloud of flying spray,  
The azure element they cleave,  
As rising upward to the day,  
The pearly depths below they leave ;  
And now the destin'd goal's attain'd,  
With sudden check their speed's restrain'd,  
They toss their heads, and prance, and snort,  
As though to burst their bonds they sought ;  
But at a word from him who guides,  
These winged coursers of the tides,  
A word scarce heard, than whisper less,  
They stand as statues, motionless :  
A shadow flits before their eyes,  
A gallant ship does onward sweep,  
To him ! who dwells within the skies,  
Thus sings the Monarch of the deep.

THE SEA-KING'S INVOCATION.

---

“ Brother ! whose car is the thunder-cloud,  
Whose steeds are the vapours dense,  
Which swiftly fly, through the murky sky,  
On their shadowy wings immense ;  
To whom the invisible winds do bow,  
From thy throne on the Jura's ragged brow,  
List to the voice of the Ocean-King !  
Loudly around let thy trumpets ring,  
To summon thy messengers of wrath,  
From the east, from the west, from the south, and the north,  
From its cavern unbind each boisterous wind,  
And over the deep, let it furious sweep.”

“ Mark ye that bark in gallant trim,  
Swift does she glide, o'er the slumbering tide,  
And like the Eider-Duck lightly does skim,  
Her noiseless way, o'er the phosphorant spray,  
Which brightly gleams, in the Moon's pale beams,  
As they far and wide, o'er the waters play :  
She leaves, as she cleaves, the billows through,  
A glittering track, on the Ocean's back,  
Of a radiant silvery hue ;  
And her streamers high, in the azure sky,  
In the gale gaily flutter, and dance ;  
And her canvass white, in the moon-beams bright,  
Like the wings of the Osprey glance.”

“ Those sails must be rent, those tall spars bent,  
And her hull into pieces riven,  
By the howling blast, through my realms so vast,  
Must her timbers, all scatter'd be driven.”

“ Mark ye that form ! on the vessel’s prow,  
That Maiden ! so young and fair ;  
As ivory white, is her polished brow,  
And the hue of the Gold-Fish, her hair ;  
And her eyes, now turned on the cope above,  
Now down on the sleeping main,  
Have caused the power, of mortal love,  
Round my heart to weave its chain :  
Hark ! hark ! to the low, and murmuring flow,  
Of her voice, as it steals along—  
On the breeze so bland ; of her native land,  
And her childhood’s home is that song :  
She sings of the hours, ’neath fairy bowers,  
Pass’d, with friends of her youthful days,  
And the tear dims her eye, as fond memory,  
Each blissful scene displays :  
Hushed is the strain, but the heaving breast,  
The deep-drawn sigh, and the tearful eye,  
Tell of a grief, which knows not rest,  
Of sorrow’s intensity.”

“ Then God of the Tempest ! grant thine aid,  
To gain for thy Brother, that lovely maid,  
For worthy is she, the Queen to be,  
Of my far-stretching, wide domains :  
Let thy viewless ministers sweep o’er—  
The mighty deep, from shore, to shore,  
Unloose the Storm-Fiends chains,  
That the bark be whelm’d, ’neath the surging tide,  
And I clasp to my heart, from her never to part,  
My beautiful ! Mortal Bride ! ”

THE STORM-GOD'S ANSWER.

---

“ Brother ! Brother ! it shall be done,  
That gallant Bark, her course has run,  
    Soon shall the surge, ring out the dirge,  
Of those, who when the morning sun—  
    Rose brightly o’er, left the smiling shore,  
Of their much-loved native home,  
Over the watery waste to roam,  
When many a fond adieu was spoken,  
    And many a lip, to lip was press’d,  
    And murmuring accents, faint express’d,  
Which told of hearts, that had been broken,  
    But hope still dwelt within the breast,  
And whispering, spake of happy meetings,  
Re-unions sweet, and joyous greetings.”

“ In sooth they are a gallant band,  
    As ever cross’d the sea,  
And Albion’s Isle ! is their native land,  
    That land of the fearless and free :  
To them the elemental strife,  
With a wild delirious joy is rife,  
They scorn the peaceful landsmen’s life,  
    And they scoff at slavery :  
They ever were favourites of mine,  
    Those spirits proud, and brave,  
For I love the man, (who when lightnings shine,  
    And the tempest around does rave,)  
Surveys the scene, with a look serene,  
Nor quails beneath, the power of Death ;  
Who bends the knee, but to the Deity !  
His Maker ! and Mine ! and Thine ! ”

“ And well have I mark’d that Maid with eyes—  
Lustrous as stars, in the midnight skies,  
And hair of a golden sheen,  
A daughter is she of that favour’d Isle,  
That happy land, where does freedom smile,  
And worthy to be thy Queen !  
From blemish, or spot, is her mind as free,  
As the stainless snows which rest,  
On towering Mont Blanc’s mighty crest,  
In unsullied purity.”

“ Fain would I save, that crew so brave,  
But if ’tis thy will, that a watery grave—  
Should their forms receive, thou hast my word,  
That when from the depths, thy voice was heard,  
At thy command, my viewless band—  
Of elements, should to strife be stirr’d :  
Thou’lt not relent ? then their doom is cast ;  
Come forth from your cave, each winged blast,  
Gather around ye clouds profound,  
Roll ye thunders ! loudly roll,  
Ye lightnings ! flash from pole, to pole,  
Descend ye rain ! ye hail ! ye sleet !  
In a commingling torrent meet.”

“ Brother ! ’tis done, farewell ! farewell !  
Let thy Ocean-Maidens wake the shell,  
And sweep the string, as they sweetly sing,  
A solemn dirge for the departed,  
And a requiem wild for the broken-hearted ;  
For those, whose sight they will greet no more,  
Who await their return on their native shore.”



THE DIRGE.

---

“ Mourn for the brave ! who beneath the blue wave,  
In the cold arms of death lie sleeping ;  
Drop a pitying tear, on their briny bier,  
Where the waters are placidly creeping ;  
They have passed away, from the light of day,  
And now we our vigils are keeping  
Over their bodies, so stiff and stark,  
In the fathomless depths, of the Ocean dark.”

“ Mourn for the true ! of a pale ghastly hue,  
Are those faces with health lately glowing ;  
Where the full warm flood, of generous blood,  
Its rich roseate tints was throwing ;  
Quench'd is the light, of those eyes so bright,  
Late with manly feelings o'er-flowing ;  
With them life's troubles, and joys are o'er,  
Ne'er pleasure, or grief, will their hearts move more.”

“ Mourn for the bold ! who had they been told,  
That death on the billow was riding,  
Had the danger dared, in no-wise scared,  
At the tempest's furious chiding ;  
Who fearless and free, o'er the raging sea,  
Sail'd on, the rude strife deriding :  
And mourn ! oh mourn ! for the widow'd wife !  
Mourn ! mourn ! for the loverless maid !  
Who stricken with sorrow, and weary of life,  
Full soon will lie 'neath the yew-tree's shade,  
Calm be their rest, in the land of the Blest  
May their spirits meet, in communion sweet.”

THE SEA-KING.

---

“Thou’rt mine! thou’rt mine! the Sea-King’s Bride!  
And far! far! down, ’neath the briny tide,  
Fairest of mortals! I bear thee away,  
O’er those boundless realms to hold regal sway,  
Where the billows are hush’d, and no rude blasts rave,  
But peaceful and calm, flows the limpid wave,  
Soothing to rest, with its murmuring falls,  
As it sighs through these vast, adamantine halls.”

“Where nought, save it’s undulating swell,  
And the musical notes of the Triton’s shell,  
With the melody rich, of the Syren’s song,  
Is heard these bowers of stone among;  
Where in mingled sweetness around do float  
Each cadence soft, and each dulcet note,  
Which the echoes from far, return again,  
’Till vibrates and thrills, all the sleeping main.”

“I gazed on those lustrous eyes so bright,  
As you stood on the deck, in the clear moon-light,  
And I said “that Maiden my Bride must be,”  
And I called on the Storm-God! (my Brother is he:)  
The Bark rode well, and the Bark sail’d fast,  
But rent were her sails, by the howling blast,  
The lightning’s flame has enwrap’t her round,  
And her crew are engulfed, in the depths profound.”

“Oh! little you thought, as you gazed on the deep,  
Then placid and calm as an infant asleep,  
As you leant o’er the Ocean, immersed in thought,  
That to hundreds of beings that look was fraught—

With death, and destruction, that there was One  
Who returned that look, and who gazed upon  
Thy lovely face, 'till through all his frame,  
Like liquid fire, shot love's quenchless flame."

"Daughter of earth! with the rich-flowing hair,  
Let not the whirl of the waters scare  
Thy spirit, with me thou'rt safe from harm,  
See love! I stretch but my powerful arm,  
And the waves retire, for I am their King,  
And thou art to them, as a sacred thing,  
Being cherished by me, whose will is their law,  
Of whose slightest word, do they stand in awe."

"Oh beautiful Mortal! why pale is thy cheek?  
Thou creature so lovely, so fragile, and weak,  
Re-open those eyes, let thy joy-giving glance,  
The soul of the King of the Ocean! entrance;  
Thou seem'st as tho' life from thy bosom had fled,  
Look up love! be comforted, banish thy dread,  
Fear not, though around thee the billows do rave,  
They all are my subjects, and I am thy Slave."

"List! list! to those sounds so thrilling and sweet,  
As they rise from the depths of my calm retreat,  
Now faintly they steal on the list'ning ear  
As lost in the distance; now loudly and clear  
Swells the full chorus, and now can I trace  
The words, 'tis thy welcome to that blissful place,  
Where Nymphs, and Tritons, join in the strain,  
And hail thee "Queen of the mighty main!"

## CHORUS OF WATER SPIRITS.

“Hail! hail! to thee! Ocean Queen!

Welcome to our peaceful home,  
Where many a sparry grot is seen,  
And many a stately dome,  
Hung round with glittering stalactites,  
Which fling their rays afar,  
Bright as the glancing Nothern-Lights  
On the beams of the Evening-Star!  
For thee awaits the ivory throne,  
Beneath the coral-bowers,  
And the secret tyring-room, bestrown—  
With gems, and Ocean-Flowers;  
For thee, is spread the couch of pearl,  
With down from the Petreol's breast,  
And the skin of the Polar-Bear to enfurl—  
Thy form, when thou takest thy rest:  
And precious stones, are gathered there,  
The spoils of many a founder'd Bark,  
The Topas, and the Emerald rare,  
The Ruby rich and dark;  
The Sapphire, and the Amethyst,  
The Diamond bright and clear,  
As the ripplet's crest by the sun-beam kist,  
Or a Maiden's crystal tear;  
Thy Car of Tortoise-shell, on wheels—  
Of burnished gold, awaits thy will,  
To bear thee where the deep conceals,  
Scenes which with awe the gazer fill;  
To these vast regions submarine,  
Where all thou meetest are thy slaves,  
Welcome! bright and beauteous Queen!  
Welcome! to our gem-lit Caves.”

THE MAIDEN.

---

“ Oh ! I have had a fearful dream !

Methought I stood upon the deck !

Of a gallant vessel ! which did seem,

As (in the waste) a moving speck ;

Methought the night was sweetly calm,

The moon-beams on the waters slept,

And o'er my spirit, like a balm,

A train of soothing feelings crept ;

I gazed upon the azure sky,

I gazed upon the deep ! deep, sea !

'Till all the founts of memory—

Were ope'd, and tears flowed fast and free.

For in the cloudless blue serene,

(Whose bounds I vainly sought to trace,)

Was many a form of brightness seen,

And many a well-remembered face ;

My Mother's glance of tenderness,

Beam'd forth from out the starry height,

My infant Sister there did bless—

With her sweet smile, my eager sight :

And many a voice, now hushed in death,

Was floating on the gale's soft breath.”

“ And in the blue unruffled main,

Did cheating fancy give to view,

The sun-lit hills, the smiling plain,

Dotted with fields of yellow grain,

Which glanced the waters through ;

The village church, the wood-crowned steep,

The copse, the streamlet, bright and clear.

Which through the flowery meads does creep,

Where o'er it bending willows weep,

And then upon mine ear,  
Come stealing soft the Sabbath-chime,  
And once again those paths I trod,  
O'er which my Mother many a time—  
Has led me to the house of God !”

“ And then gushed forth spontaneously,  
A lay of those happy hours,  
When I strayed in thoughtless infancy,  
Amid fields, and fragrant flowers ;  
I sang of a Cottage where did twine,  
The Jesmin sweet, and Eglantine,  
O'er whose trellis'd walls, wreathed the clust'ring vine ;  
That peaceful Cot was ours :  
Oft in whose garden walks I stray'd,  
And with my young companions play'd,  
With shout, and song, did bound along,  
Or rested 'neath the vernal bowers.”

“ And I sang of One ! whose infant face,  
Was radiant with each cherub grace,  
Whose prattling voice, and happy smile,  
Could ever of its care beguile  
My breast, and lull each troublous thought,  
It was with innocence so fraught ;  
Who withered like a flower away,  
Deprived the gladsome light of day,  
When she ! on whose maternal breast,  
Each childish grief was soothed to rest,  
Fled to the mansions of the blest,  
And then did memory display—

That placid brow, that eye so mild,  
Up-turn'd in solemn earnestness  
As she did call on God to bless—  
(From her death bed,) her darling child !”

“ I sang, and yet I knew not why,  
Save that it seemed to ease my heart  
Of sorrows bitter agony,  
That e'er-enduring smart ;  
But as these visions filled my mind,  
The tide of grief became too strong  
For utterance, and upon the wind,  
In murmurs died away my song ;  
I thought upon my lonely fate,  
Without a home, without a friend,  
To whom I could my anguish state,  
Or who would consolation lend ;  
I longed for human sympathy,  
A breast whereon I could repose  
My head, and listen to the sigh,  
Which pity gives to other's woes.”

“ As thus I wept, methought a change,  
All suddenly came o'er the scene,  
Dense clouds across the sky did range,  
The Sea no longer slept serene,  
But covered o'er with fleecy foam,  
In volumes vast did onward come ;  
The sails were torn from off the mast,  
Ere lowered they could be, or furl'd,  
The seamen by the howling blast,  
Into the black abyss were hurl'd.”

“ I sank upon my knees in prayer,  
And then there came a crash,  
Reverberating through the air,  
Followed by shrieks of dire despair.  
As did a dazzling flash—  
Of lightning, wrap the ship in flame,  
The bolts were riven from the deck,  
And the split-spars with all their wreck—  
Of cordage downward came ;  
The pitchy timbers quickly caught,  
By fear, to desperation wrought,  
I plunged into the Ocean black ;  
Then came a whirl, a deaf’ning roar,  
A gasping, struggling for breath,  
Then all was still, as life were o’er,  
As though I slept in death !”

“ And oh ! how changed was then my dream !  
Methought that far ! far ! down I went,  
And One ! whose God-like eyes did seem,  
In fondness on me bent,  
Bore me within his circling arms,  
And in a voice as rich, and full,  
As musical as is the bell,  
Which on the evening breeze does swell,  
When twilight steals upon the vale,  
And wakes the tuneful nightingale,  
To rest my tremblings did lull,  
And soothed my dire alarms ;  
Then mingling sweetly with those tones,  
There came a softer melody,  
Like music from the starry zones,  
A wild unearthly minstrelsy :”



“E’en now I hear that thrilling strain,  
Tell me where am I? was it not  
A dream! delusion of my brain!  
Surely this gem-bespangled grot,  
These yellow sands, this couch of pearl,  
Are unreal fancies of the mind?  
Those plants-aquatic, which unfurl  
Their crimson folds, as on the wind  
Float banners in a battle field,  
Those waving tufts of every hue,  
Like flowers upon an upland lea,  
Hidden in part, in part reveal’d,  
Beneath the wave so clear, and blue;  
It cannot, oh! it cannot be,  
Aught but a dream! a lovely dream!  
How beautiful do all things seem.”

“And yet that form! which o’er me bends,  
Those radiant eyes! which on me beam,  
Whose looks with tenderness do teem,  
Conviction to my spirit sends,  
That he! at least, is not unreal;  
Is not creative fancy’s child,  
Oh! do not from me aught conceal,  
Tell me ’tis not a vision wild!  
By which my senses are beguiled;  
An unsubstantial phantasy!  
Such as steal o’er the hours of sleep,  
When every faculty in deep—  
Slumber enchained does lie,  
A scene of bright imaginings,  
Such as the midnight hour oft brings,  
Which with returning morn will fly.”

“ And those bright forms ! which glide around,  
Their hair in golden fillets bound,  
With glistening eyes, and snowy breast,  
The scaly coat which does invest—

    Their bodies, brightly gleams,  
As does the mountain torrent’s crest,  
When sinking in the shadowy west,

    The sun’s last gorgeous beams,  
Upon the spray, do sweetly play,  
And all the rainbow’s tints display :  
They hail me Queen ! of the Ocean green,

    And fain would I the tale believe,  
But all delusion ’tis I ween,\*

    And waking up, how shall I grieve,  
To find those visions bright have fled ;  
That I the world’s dull path must tread.”

“ And who is she ! who sits apart,  
    Within yon coral grove ?

Whose syren song does cause the heart  
    To glow with bliss, and love ;

Her flowing hair, her shoulders bare,  
    Seem form’d but to allure—

The unwary mortal, who would dare  
    To gaze or listen—sure

’Twas such as she ! of whom we’re told  
In legends of the times of old,

    Haunting the lonely lake,  
Or rock-bound coast, and with her song,  
(Which sweetly swept, the gale along)

    The infatuated did ensnare,  
His friends, and kindred, to forsake,

To plunge with her the waves beneath,  
That deep, dark place of certain death,  
And unseen perish there."

"And those strange shapes but dimly seen,  
The branching coral-boughs between,  
Like warriors in rich mail array'd,  
Where burnished scale, on scale is laid,  
And on each head a diadem,  
Studied with many a lustrous gem ;  
And in each hand display'd  
A sounding shell, of curious form,  
From whence deep innotations spring,  
Which far around the echoes fling,  
As they in blended harmony,  
A soul-inspiring symphony,  
With magic skill perform."

"Their snake-like locks, so long and black,  
Now flow supinely down each back,  
Now curl and writhe as though for strife—  
They roused themselves, endued with life;  
Or else, as though a storm—  
(Such as on land does oft deform  
The scene, up-rooting forest-trees,  
And spreading havoc through the vale,  
When, are the whisp'rings of the breeze,  
Changed for the howlings of the gale,  
Which wildly waves, the meadow-grass,  
And slender sedge, on the streamlets edge)  
Did sweeping o'er them pass."

“What! silent still? oh! Spirit tell!  
If I did hear aright?  
And am I then, for aye to dwell,  
Amid these scenes so bright?  
And are these treasures really mine?  
These shining ornaments of gold?  
These rifled stores of Golcond’s mine?  
So radiant to behold;  
These white and glistening Pearls with which  
To deck my hair, what all my own?  
These many tinted Opals rich,  
To bind around my zone?  
You nod assent, but speak not; say—  
If thou art he who on that night,  
Of odour-breathing balmy May,  
Did in persuasive tones invite,  
Me, my fate with thine to unite;  
Who sang that sweet seductive lay,  
Which on the air came softly sweeping,  
Over the Ocean calmly sleeping,  
And in the forest died away.  
Methinks as I my memory task,  
That faithful it retains each word,  
Which on that balmy night I heard,  
Thou’lt not refuse what now I ask;  
If thou art really, truly he!  
Oh! sing again that song to me.”

A smile like a Summer sun-beam play’d  
O’er the face of the Ocean-King!  
And he fondly gazed on the blushing Maid,  
As (answering) thus! did he sing.

THE SEA-KING.

---

“ Dearest ! I mark’d thee on that stilly eve,  
    Enwrapt in melancholy musings, straying,  
As though thou o’er departed joys didst grieve,  
    The night breeze through thy golden tresses playing ;  
I gazed upon thy face, thine up-turned eye  
    With mild angelic purity so beaming,  
And then I sang to thee, this melody,  
That we should meet again, but little deeming.”

“ Oh ! come to the sand, the golden sand,  
    And dance in the merry moon-light,  
Come join our band, our fairy band,  
    Come love ! to thy Water Sprite !  
To the purple groves, where the Gold-fish roves,  
    Far down in the deep ! deep sea !  
I’ll bear thee away, thro’ the glittering spray,  
    In my Nautilus-shell so free.”

“ Oh ! thou shalt be Queen ! of the waters green !  
    Of pearls shall thy throne be formed ;  
And thy hall of state, with its crystal gate,  
    Shall with jewels rare be adorn’d ;  
And Sea-Nymphs fair, shall deck thy hair,  
    With gems, of such radiance bright,  
That the waves shall glow, which around thee flow  
    Like a flood of liquid light.”

“ The Dolphin so gay, shall there display,  
    His rainbow tints to thy sight,  
And the Syren’s note, shall in melody float,  
    And soothe thee to slumber at night ;

The Triton's-car, shall bear thee afar,  
Thro' our submarine beauties to roam,  
And yoked for thee, shall the Sea-horse be,  
Would'st thou visit thy earthly home."

"Oh! think not the earth, can alone give birth,  
To fruitful nature's gifts,  
Or that blade of green, is never seen,  
Deep where the Ocean drifts;  
For we have flowers, and blooming bowers,  
Which can vie with those on land,  
And plants which grow, where the waters flow,  
O'er a gem-bespangled sand."

"The crimson sheen, of the Dulse is seen  
To blush through the clear blue wave,  
With the leaves between, of the Flag so green,  
Where the waters, the sponge-banks lave;  
And the beautiful hue, of the Sea-flowers blue,  
As they over the coral-groves bend,  
Shed a halo of light, like the stars at night,  
And a lustrous radiance lend."

"From the world so rife, with sorrow and strife,  
Fly, and with me join hands,  
And we'll foot it light, in the moon-beams bright,  
On the sparkling golden sands;  
Together we'll rove, thro' each coral-grove,  
And each glittering cave explore,  
Queen! shalt thou be, of the deep! deep sea!  
Come love to the moon-lit shore."

THE MAIDEN.

---

“ It is ! it is ! the same rich voice,  
    Fraught with persuasive eloquence,  
Which bade my spirit then rejoice,  
    And wrapt in listening every sense ;  
The same the words, the melody,  
    Now rising loud, and ringing wide  
As the clear trumpet strains which ride  
    Upon the gale ; now sinking low  
As modulations soft, which flow,  
    When in Italia’s sunny clime,  
The singer to his lute keeps time,  
    And serenades his lady love,  
While bright the stars flash out above  
In the clear and cloudless sky.”

“ Yes ! I will come to the golden sands !  
    And I will dance in the merry moon-light !  
With thee ! for ever will join hands,  
    My loved ! my own loved ! Water Sprite !  
Earth has no fairy scenes like these,  
    So glittering, so beautiful,  
So redolent of sounds which please,  
    And every wild emotion lull ;  
I thought it bright, when I was young,  
    And loved to bound the meads along,]  
Or sit where boughs their shadow flung,  
    And listen to the Sky-Lark’s song,  
I loved—but why should I prolong—  
    Remembrances which yield but pain ?  
Spirit ! I’ll dwell with thee among—  
    The caverns of the mighty Main !”

## CONCLUDING CHORUS.

“In earthly bowers she sings no more,  
No more does by the streamlet roam,  
Or wanders on the pebbly shore,  
The boundless deep is now her home,  
Where nought of earthly grief can come,  
No clouds of sorrow, or distress,  
To chill the feelings, or to numb  
The heart, but all is happiness.”

“No more she mournful vigil keeps,  
Or like a lily bends her head,  
No more with pearly tears she steeps  
The grave of the beloved dead;  
For consolation's balm is shed  
Upon her heart, and now her cheek  
Again is glowing, and her tread  
The lightness of that heart does speak.”

“No more are dimm'd those lustrous eyes,  
But beams which admiration tell,  
Break forth, as viewing with surprise,  
Each wond'rous dome! and sparry cell!  
And here for ever will she dwell,  
The Ocean-King's delight! and pride!  
Sweep! sweep! the strings, and sound the shell,  
In honour of our Monarch's Bride!





# THE ROVER,

## A FRAGMENT.

---

Alone on the Poop stood a noble form !  
And proudly he smiled, as the howling storm  
Pour'd its fury around, in terrible might,  
And the lightning's gleam shed a lurid light,  
At intervals playing, with dazzling flash,  
While the thunder roll'd with an awful crash :  
The ocean was lash'd to a sheet of froth,  
Where the Storm-spirit swept in his furious wrath ;  
And the rushing-surge, as up-rose each wave,  
Appear'd with its foam the black-clouds to lave,  
Which answering, sent forth a sleety fall,  
And hung o'er the scene like a funeral pall.

His dark hair, heavy with briny spray,  
Flow'd his shoulders o'er, and the glittering play  
Of his eagle-eye, as he glanc'd around,  
Now reveal'd, now hid in the gloom profound,  
Flash'd, as though with the fire of insanity rife,  
And his voice arose 'mid the element's strife :  
The lawless crew, from the deck below,  
In the chorus join'd, now sinking low,  
Now rising loud, as the blast swept o'er,  
And far on its pinions the wild strains bore :  
These were the words of the Rover's song,  
As his gallant ship dash'd, the rough-billows among.

“ Merrily onward bounds our Bark !  
Through the foaming ocean’s billows dark,  
    With the speed of the Sea-Mew driven ;  
And her cordage strains, as the creaking mast,  
Bends to the furious northern-blast,  
    While to shreds is the canvass riven.”

“ Now on a mountainous wave we rise,  
,Till our tall-spars seem to threat the skies,  
    Now in a deep abyss we sink,  
Where not a ray, the gloom does light,  
But all is dark, as blackest night,  
    Or Pandemonium’s brink !”

“ Bold Rovers are we, of the mighty deep !  
The storm may howl, and the winds may sweep,  
    And the thunders roll around ;  
We heed them not, and our fearless laugh,  
As the spicy bowl we gaily quaff,  
    Rises shrill o’er the tempest’s sound.”

“ With hearts inured to scenes of blood,  
We long have roved the briny flood,  
    And all pursuit defied ;  
Buoyant and light, our gallant Bark !  
Swift as the all-devouring Shark,  
    Bounds on o’er the rushing tide.”

He ceased, as a flash through the misty haze,  
Broke faint as a taper’s flickering blaze,  
And the scarce-heard sound, of a signal-gun,  
Telling of havoc, and shipwreck done

By the raging storm, on the waters drear,  
Was heavily borne to his practiced ear :  
He doubtfully listen'd, so faint the sound,  
By the crash of the warring elements drown'd,  
And a searching glance through the gloom he cast,  
When the well-known "sail ho !" was heard from the mast,  
Dispelling his doubts, "what direction?" he cried,  
"Here away to the south'ard," the watch replied,  
"She is right in our course, and a wreck appears,"  
His answer was hail'd with exulting cheers,  
By the crew, on hopes of spoil intent,  
And anxious all eyes to the spot were bent.

The lightning's flash had ceased to play,  
The winds had sunk to their caverns away,  
And borne on their wings, each murky cloud,  
Which the moon's clear ray did darkly shroud,  
And now could be seen by her waning light,  
As it play'd o'er the waste, with a radiance bright,  
Dismasted, and shatter'd, a driving wreck,  
As she helplessly roll'd on her watery track ;  
Loud, and more loud, the reports now grew,  
And gleaming aloft the signals blue,  
Shoot up from the deep, like meteors dire,  
O'er the mariner's grave, which flash and expire !  
While amid the momentary lull  
Of the storm, as rose on the waves her hull,  
Might be heard the shrieks of dire despair,  
Sounding fearfully shrill, on the now calm air :  
The foam-crested billows still rose and fell,  
As when riven by sorrow, the human breast  
Does heave and throb ; but the wild winds yell,  
And the roll of the thunder, had sunk to rest.

He gave the word, "lay all aback !  
And prepare to board as we near the wreck ;"  
"Ay! ay!" was the seamen's prompt reply,  
And eagerly up the shrouds they fly,  
With nimble speed to the giddy height,  
When burst forth a flash as noon-day bright,  
And the storm (like a giant refresh'd by sleep)  
O'er the foaming surges again did sweep ;  
With ten-fold vigour the northern-blast,  
Came howling forth from its caverns vast,  
While down in a torrent, the thick rain dash'd,  
And from pole to pole, the thunder crash'd,  
The close-reef'd sail, from the mast was torn,  
And far on the wings of the fierce-gale borne ;  
The moon's pale beam no more is seen,  
For the masses of vapour which intervene.

His quick eye had noted the coming clouds,  
As the men were ascending the slippery shrouds,  
But scarce had he time the warning to give,  
"Down! quickly down! every one that would live"  
When with sounds, like the laughter of Demons hoarse,  
It onward swept, with terrific force :  
Each top-spar bent like a willow-slip,  
When its fury fell on the gallant ship,  
And she staggering, reel'd like a drunken man,  
While the whelming tide from her scuppers ran ;  
But soon buoyantly rising, her way she held,  
And the dashing waves with her prow repell'd ;  
Vain now were all efforts her speed to stay,  
As madly she sped through the flying spray,  
The useless helm, her course no longer turns,  
And each attempt to check, or guide she spurns:

As madly flying across the plain,  
With flashing eye, and streaming mane,  
The steed, with love of freedom fired,  
Of tyrant man's proud sway grown tired,  
Heeds not the beetling crag before,  
Which hangs above the ocean's roar,  
But madly rushes to his fate,  
Nor danger sees until too late;  
So furious does the vessel drive,  
In vain the crew with ardour strive,  
To change, or check, her headlong course,  
Urged by the storm's resistless force,  
Direct on the stranger ship they're sent,  
As though upon destruction bent:  
Enveloped in mist like a spirit of night,  
Driven on through the gloom, with the speed of light,  
While her labouring hull, with the angry press  
Of the waves, utters groans, as of deep distress.

And now from the deck, wild sounds arise  
Of tumult, and horrible blasphemies,  
Are shouted forth by those desperate men,  
Who see their last hour approaching, when  
The deeds of blood before them stand,  
And at them points the avenging hand;  
They who so late their God defied,  
And scoff'd at his power, with daring pride,  
Now grovelling kneel, and vainly pray,  
That He! will the raging tempest stay;  
Some steep their souls in maddening drink,  
'Till senseless on the deck they sink,  
And raise the horror-filling cry  
Of frantic imbecility.

No sign of fear was on the Rover's brow,  
He had a spirit much too proud to bow,  
A soul where once the virtues dwelt, which yearn'd  
With love to all mankind, now sadly turn'd  
To hatred, most unquenchable, and dire,  
Which raged within him like consuming fire;  
Much had he trusted, much had been deceived,  
By villainy of all his joys bereaved,  
Branded with infamy, thrust forth to roam,  
An outcast from his loved, his native home!  
That home! endeared by many a holy tie,  
His very name! which once stood proudly high,  
His countryman among, now made a mark  
For scorn to point at, crimes most foul, and dark,  
Were charged to him, how falsely they well knew,  
Who thus conspired, against a man most true,  
Most faithful, just, a man whose noble mind,  
Ne'er conceived aught, but what was right, and kind  
T'wards his fellows, 'till base ingratitude,  
Changed all his nature, then in tiger mood,  
With all the fiercer passions roused, he swore  
A deep retaliation for the wrongs he bore,  
He kept his oath, since then his life had past,  
'Mid scenes of blood-shed on the ocean vast.

With mien which seem'd the power of death to mock,  
He stood awaiting the decisive shock,  
A smile of scorn upon his features play'd,  
As shriek'd the crew, by terror all dismay'd;  
"Cowards" he murmur'd, and his proud lip curl'd,  
While angry waves their foam around him hurl'd,  
"Poor dastard spirits! meanly thus to crave,  
A respite from the trouble-ending grave,

Better, far better, thus amid the press  
Of elements, to perish masterless,  
Here to resign, unheard, unseen, your breath,  
Than on the land to die a felon's death,  
By shouting, execrating thousands view'd,  
Abhor'd, as deep in blood, and crimes imbrued ;  
What hope have ye for mercy, who have braved,  
With no incitement, but a mind depraved,  
The wrath of Him ! whose help ye now implore ?  
Think ye that He ! will stay the tempest's roar,  
And calm, because ye ask, the whelming tide,  
Will bid it peacefully, and smoothly glide,  
That ye may still pursue your lawless course,  
Of rapine, blood-shed, and destructive force ?  
Oh, no ! then bravely meet your approaching end,  
And not thus cowardly, in suppliance bend."

"For me ! I care not, come death when he may,  
I knew 'twould end in this, that I must pay  
The price of my misdeeds, revenge I ask'd,  
And to obtain it, every nerve I task'd !  
There was a time, when like a fool ! I thought,  
That man's heart, was with truth, and kindness fraught,  
That vows of love, and friendship, were sincere ;  
Then, down my cheek would steal soft pity's tear  
At other's woes, soon was I undeceived,  
Those I assisted, for whose griefs I grieved,  
For whom unlock'd was all my secret store,  
Who shared my riches, and who ever bore  
A part in every scheme of future joy,  
Whose love for me, I deem'd without alloy ;  
Who at my table sat, and ever found  
A welcome 'neath my roof the seasons round,

Who with the serpent's fiend-like ! devilish ! guile,  
Returned my unsuspecting, friendly smile,  
And vow'd, as to my health the cup they drain'd,  
That my prosperity, while life remain'd,  
Would ever be their first, most earnest prayer !  
(That hearts so black, should outward seem so fair,)  
Who fawned upon me, even while they plan'd  
The plot, which drove me from my native land."

"They swore that I was leagued with foreign foes,  
To break once more, the peaceful, blest repose,  
In which my country rested from her toils,  
Harrass'd, and torn so long, by civil broils ;  
That I ! whose ancestors have ever stood  
Foremost of her defenders, when the flood  
Of devastating war was pour'd around,  
And by the helm of state, e'er kept their ground,  
When buffeted and worn, by tempest's tost,  
But for their aid, the vessel had been lost ;  
And when gaunt-famine stalk'd throughout the land,  
Gave forth their treasures, with no sparing hand,  
To aid her exhausted coffers, and to hold  
Within the bounds of due restraint, the bold,  
And famish'd peasantry, who sorely tried,  
Had not their exigencies been supplied,  
Would (goaded on by hunger's gnawing pain,)  
Have snapped the bonds of civil power in twain :  
Then had proud palaces, and cities blazed,  
Which now rear high their heads, and fled amazed  
All social order, vain's the attempt to trace,  
The end of so destructive, dire a race,  
For easier 'tis to stay the torrent's course,  
And bid it peaceful glide, than lawless force."



“ And yet were all these benefits conferr’d,  
Forgotten by the Senate, and a word ;  
With nought but blackest perjury, for proof,  
Was deem’d sufficient ; Mercy ! held aloof,  
And Justice ! when the sentence was unroll’d,  
Did veil her face, unwilling to behold  
Such flagrant violation of her laws ;  
I ask’d but leave to plead my injured cause,  
But no ! e’en that was unto me denied,  
For among those of senatorial pride,  
Were my accusers, men who shared the spoils,  
When thus I fell a victim in their toils,  
Who fatten’d on the plunder, and who dared  
To call on God to witness, they but shared  
A traitor’s ! wealth, most justly forfeited,  
For crimes, which well they knew, I never did,  
Conceive against my conuntry, that my breast,  
Ne’er harbour’d thought, but what for her was best.”

“ They drove me forth a houseless fugitive,  
Exiled from all for which I cared to live,  
And deem’d (no doubt) that they should ne’er again  
Behold this face, that I should e’en restrain  
My vengeful arm, and that with spirit meek,  
A peaceful grave on foreign shores I’d seek :  
Little they knew me, who could thus surmise,  
We met again, but in far different guise,  
Him ! they had driven forth, and only known  
By attributes of mildness, who had grown  
From boyhood up, at peace with all mankind,  
Who ne’er in scenes of strife, could pleasure find,  
But pass’d his life in gaiety and ease,  
Thus branded by their foul, unjust decrees,

Returned a Tiger ! roaring for his prey,  
While havoc, and destruction, marked his way ;  
A change came o'er my spirit, and I felt,  
As though undying-fire within me dwelt,  
Which in my breast a fierce revulsion wrought,  
Consuming every soft, and gentle thought ;  
One wild desire, there raged without controul,  
And with its influence inflamed my soul ;  
It came upon me like a withering-blight,  
No peace I knew by day,—no rest by night,  
The wish for retribution, and redress,  
Did all my mind's best energies possess,  
All other thoughts, in that desire were merged,  
Hopes ! fears ! I knew them not, but onward urged,  
To gratify that passion, would have dived  
To fiery gulphs below, oh ! how I strived,  
Each power I task'd, and every nerve did strain,  
To be revenged, nor were my efforts vain."

" When I again did greet their wondering-eyes,  
It was with sterner aspect, then wild cries,  
And yells of retribution ! fierce were heard,  
And "slay and spare not" was the dreadful word ;  
They knew me then ! as waving high the brand,  
I burst upon them with my Pirate-band ;  
When mirth, and revelry, was at its height,  
When music, and the wine-cup, sparkling bright,  
And lovely woman's soul-bewitching smile,  
Conspired the passing moments to beguile  
Of every care, the wings of time to gild ;  
When every breast with gaiety was fill'd,  
They hurried were from life, to darksome-death,  
As though swept off by the Sirocco's breath !"

“ High blazed the pile ! the burning rafters fell,  
Our wild shouts echo’d forth their funeral-knell ;  
Vain to escape they strove, and back were thrust.  
To perish ’mid the flames, which round them burst ;  
In vain to me for mercy ! did they crave,  
I spurned them from me, and my reeking glave  
Drank eagerly their blood, with what delight,  
What stern, what savage joy, I viewed that night  
The awful scene, and shouted in their ears,  
My name ! thus adding to their guilty fears.”

“ They feasted in my own Ancestral-Halls !  
And found a bloody grave beneath the walls,  
Little they deem’d the festive scene to mar,  
That I !—(whom ’twas supposed, in lands afar  
Dragged out in penury, and want my life)  
Would meet them there, my soul with fury rife,  
Would break upon them thus, to burn and slay,  
My wrongs ! with usury, to back repay :  
They met a welcome they expected not,  
Well chosen for my purpose was the spot,  
And nought but blacken’d ruins now do tell,  
Where in one grave, those proud oppressors fell,  
And long a monument may they remain,  
Of retributive justice on the plain,  
Where those may read (who for the lust of power,  
Or love of wealth, could in one fleeting hour,  
Deprive a fellow-creature of each boon,  
Which render’d life of value, who so soon  
Could turn upon a trusting heart, and rend,  
One who had proved himself, their faithful friend !)  
That when they least expect it, vengeance ! deep  
Will overwhelm them, in its fatal sweep.”

“ Still did I feel my vengeance incomplete,  
For at that board, there was one vacant seat,  
Alonzo Monti ! came not to the feast  
And well for him ! he came not, he ! the least  
Of any of the party, I had thought,  
My ruin and destruction, could have sought,  
For he it was, who far above the rest,  
My trusting love, and confidence possess'd ;  
My house, my all, were e'er at his command,  
Each thought as it arose, by him was seann'd,  
No secret had I, which he did not share,  
I sympathized with him in every care ;  
Favours I heap'd upon his worthless head,  
Nor could I credit, 'till the shaft was sped,  
And all his villainy reveal'd, that he !  
Was foremost in the foul conspiracy ;  
He dared not trust himself beneath that roof,  
Where every object would have spoke reproof,  
Have called to mind, his vows, and broken oaths,  
The specious traitor ! how my spirit loathes  
His very name, since then by night, and day,  
I've tracked him, as the blood-hound tracks his prey,  
But hitherto he has escaped my speed,  
And flies ! well knowing 'tis at utmost need ! ”

“ And must he then escape ? and must I die,  
Before my work is done ? a fool am I,  
To stand thus idly pouring forth my tale,  
Of wrongs, and retribution on the gale ;  
A chance of safety, there may yet exist,  
The stranger-ship is hidden in the mist,  
And yet methinks, far off she cannot be,  
Surely 'tis possible,” thus saying he

Upon the deck below, like lightning sprang,  
'Mid his despairing crew, then loudly rang  
His deep and manly voice, as forth he gave  
Words of encouragement, while every wave,  
Which o'er them broke, sent flying far on high,  
Volumes of briny-spray, which to the eye,  
Sparkling, and glancing, in the electric beam,  
As it condensed returned unto the main,  
Like thickly-gushing mountain-streams did seem,  
Whose waters seek the level, verdant plain.

With every energy called into play,  
To such as o'er their reason still held sway  
Of the fierce band, he now himself address,  
In cheering tones, and as he spake, each breast,  
Was lightened of its load of doubt, and gloom,  
For he was one ! of daring deeds, on whom  
They confidence reposed, and deem'd endow'd,  
With more than mortal powers, who ne'er had bow'd  
Or quailed amid the elemental strife,  
But seem'd so reckless ever of his life ;  
Who with a cheek unblenched, and brow serene,  
And eye which flash'd defiance, they had seen  
Full often stand, by death ! encompassed round,  
In its most dreadful shapes, when did resound,  
The deaf'ning roar of cannon, timber's crash,  
The play of musketry, the weapon's clash ;  
Whom all unmoved, and calm they had beheld,  
'Mid storms which had their boldest spirits quell'd.  
Great is the power that man ! will e'er possess,  
O'er minds, however boisterous, and rude,  
Who in the hour of danger, and distress,  
Does act with vigour, and with promptitude.

A moment pausing the dark scene to scan,  
His understanding glance, with quickness ran  
From stem to stern, and then was upward sent,  
Towards the topmast spars, which creak'd and bent,  
As in its fury swept the fierce blast o'er,  
Though not an inch of canvass then they bore ;  
"Bring me an axe," was now the prompt command,  
'Twas done, and with the weapon in his hand,  
He sprang into the mizen-chains, "stand by  
To cut !" he shouted forth, "when cut ! I cry"  
Then to the steersman, "does the ship obey  
Her helm ?" "no not an inch," "then cut away !  
Work with a will, men ! work with hatchets ! knives !  
Sever the tackle, quickly ! for your lives !"  
Soon his up-lifted axe, was burried deep  
In the stout mast, once more on high did sweep,  
Once more it fell, when did a crash succeed,  
Snapping of cordage, and with headlong speed,  
Down came the ruin, o'er the vessel's side,  
And soon was lost amid the raging tide.

"How is it now ?" "no better," "to the main !  
Follow my men," he cried, and once again  
Was the keen axe employ'd, the main-mast fell,  
No longer did the lighten'd ship rebel  
Against the guiding power, her head swung round,  
But 'twas too late, for now there came a sound,  
A dreadful warning cry, from out the gloom,  
"For God's sake, helm a lee ! give room ! give room !"  
And the next instant, as though on a rock  
The vessel dash'd, was felt a fearful shock ;  
Trembling through all her frame, she back recoil'd  
While the dark billows, round her foam'd and boil'd ;


Again upon the opposing power did rush,  
 While through her riven-planks the waters gush;  
 She fills! and with a loud report like thunder,  
 Her decks explode, she glides the ocean under;  
 The stranger shares her fate, and nought is left,  
 (Save fragments by the dire concussion left,)

Of those achievements of man's skill and power,  
 Which had "the battle and the breeze" defied,  
 The work of years, destroy'd in one short hour,  
 A humbling spectacle for human pride.

Of near six hundred souls, but two were saved,  
 One was the Rover! he who late had braved,  
 The tempest's utmost wrath, and scoff'd at death;  
 Who willingly the lease of mortal breath,  
 Which bound him here, had long ago resigned,  
 But for one passion dark, which o'er his mind  
 Reigned paramount,—Revenge! —that gratified,  
 He would himself the mortal-coil divide:  
 The mark of Cain! was stamp'd upon his brow,  
 He was a murderer! but disdain'd to bow  
 His knee, to pray forgiveness for the sin,  
 Pride! damning Pride! did steel his breast within;  
 Then Unbelief, and Scepticism came,  
 And with influence fann'd the raging flame,  
 Denying the existence of a state

Of future happiness or misery;  
 "He'd but obey'd the dictates of his fate!  
 From whose decrees it were in vain to fly,  
 His wrongs, desire for vengeance did create,  
 Which 'twas ordain'd that he should gratify."  
 These were his words, still did he cling to life  
 Instinctively, amid the watery strife.

Upon a portion of the quarter-deck,  
Which separated from the sinking wreck  
Sore bruised, and senseless, long the Rover lay,  
As though with him, all life had pass'd away :  
And when he from his death-like trance awoke,  
The grey dawn in the misty east had broke,  
And then it was he first became aware,  
Another human form his raft did share ;  
His eyes were closed as though enwrapp'd in sleep,  
While struggling sighs, and respirations deep,  
Broke forth at intervals, and it did seem,  
That o'er his mental vision pass'd a dream  
Of horrid import, shudder'd all his frame,  
As he unconsciously pronounced a name !  
The Rover started, gazed upon his face,  
And glowed his pallid cheek, as he did trace—  
Each well-known lineament, “ ’tis he,—’tis he !—  
My long-pursued—my hated enemy !  
Now vengeance ! thou art mine, what ho ! look up !  
Alonzo ! ’tis thy friend ! the sparkling cup  
With wine is fill’d, the festive board is spread”  
Feeble and faint, the stranger raised his head,  
Terror was in his glance, then with a start  
He backward fell, as deep into his heart  
His foeman’s dagger pierced, the tide of gore  
Gush’d reeking forth, their prostrate bodies o’er ;  
’Twas a last effort, by his victim’s side,  
Uttering a savage shout, the Rover sank ! and died !





## A TALE OF GRANADA.

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“LOVED of my soul ! o’er the snow-clad height  
Of the Sierra Nevada, the Queen of night,  
Is riding in cloudless majesty,  
In the azure vault of the star-gemm’d sky,  
Beauteous, and bright, as a Poet’s dream !  
She casts around her soft silvery beam,  
On dome and minaret does glance,  
And their gorgeous hues, with her light enhance.”

“List ! loved of my soul ! to the Bulbul’s song,  
As it floats in the gale, the boughs among  
Of the cyprus groves, and the myrtle bowers,  
Beneath the Alhambra’s princely towers ;  
And the murmuring play, of the founts which flash  
The moonbeams back, and the distant clash  
Of the cymbals, rising wild and shrill,  
From the Darro’s vale, on the air so still.”

“Hark ! loved of my soul ! farewell ! farewell !  
That tambour’s hollow sound does tell,  
That Afric’s Warriors are array’d,  
The Prophet’s standard ! is display’d,  
And forth from Granada’s portals vast,  
Our Arabs, like the whirlwind’s blast,—  
Rush on the Camp of the Christian foe,  
Farewell ! to join in the combat I go,”

'Twas thus the Moorish Prince, Ben Hammed ! sung  
Within the gardens of the Generalife,  
To her ! the sole Sultana of his soul,  
Light of his eyes ! and idol of his heart,  
Zelinda ! of all Andalusia's maids,  
The fairest, and the brightest.

Oh she was beautiful,—

As are the Houries, which the Moslem's creed,  
Tells him await with open arms, within  
Their flowery Paradise, to welcome those  
Who die believers true in Mahomet !  
Straight was her form, as is the towering Palm,  
Yet slender as the graceful Tamerisk,  
Dark were her eyes, and piercing as the Roe's,  
And flashes broke from thence,—when ought occurred  
To rouse the spirit of the warlike race  
From which she traced descent,—of passing radiance,  
E'en as the beam the orb of day emits,  
Which none can look upon undazzled ;  
But in her softer moments, eloquent  
Were they with love, and Woman's tenderness,  
Causing the soul of him, they turned upon,  
To melt and thrill, with rapture too intense  
For utterance ; perfume was in her breath,  
Sweet as when evening zephyrs stray amid  
The golden leaves of Yeman's Lilies !  
And then her voice ! no simile can give  
An adequate expression, can convey  
Unto the mind, aught which would near approach,  
That voice ! so richly full, yet sweetly soft,  
That to the listening ear its tones did seem,  
A mingling of all earthly harmonies,

Divested of each harsh or jarring note ;  
The melody of the Eolian Lyre,  
When waked its strings are by the night breeze,  
The modulations of the breathed-on Lute,  
The murmuring of Streams, the dulcet song,  
The Bulbul pours, unto his blushing bride,  
The far-famed Rose of Tunis !  
Oh ! twas delicious, and the Warrior sat,  
And listened to its thrilling plaintive tones,—  
As in his arms the lovely maid reclined,  
While pearly tears, hung pendant from the long  
And fringe-like lashes, glittering as the gems  
Which did bedeck his snow-white turban,  
And studded o'er the massive golden hilt,  
Of his Damascus scimiter,—until  
His soul o'erflowed with bliss unspeakable,  
He sat as in a dream, while all around,  
To his rapt senses seemed a blest Elysium !  
Again the tambour sounded on his ear  
Dispelling the illusion,—starting up,—  
“ Zelinda ! my betrothed ! I must away,  
Nay love ! unloose those arms, thou wouldst not have  
One for thy bosom's lord, who'd proved himself  
A traitor to his vow, have I not sworn,  
To see our troops victorious, or forego  
All hopes of honour, and of happiness ?  
Even to give up thee ! thou priceless pearl !  
With that alternative before my eyes,  
Can I be other than a conquerer ?  
Allah ! will grant me strength, farewell ! farewell ! ”  
He said, then broke from her embrace away,  
And 'mid the windings of the path was lost.

She followed him with outstretched arms, to where  
A steep declivity led downward to  
The City Gate, she saw him leap upon  
His Arab Barb, which an attendant held,  
Then wave on high his unsheathed scimiter,  
And then he shouted forth "I go to reap  
The gory harvest of the battle field."  
He bore the Sacred Flag of green and gold,  
On which the Crescent, worked in brilliants, gleam'd  
Bright in the moon-beams, shedding a rich flood  
Of glory, o'er him and around him :  
Ten thousand voices rising on the air,  
Joined in the battle cry of "Allah hu!"  
Above the din, was heard the piercing strain  
Of silver trump, and cymbal's martial clash,  
While the deep gong, and tambour's hollow sound,  
Like thunder muttering amid a storm,  
In the wild gathering outcry bore their parts :  
The pride of Moslem chivalry was there,  
But he! above them all conspicuous shone,  
For nobleness of mien; she strains her sight,  
But now his waving plume no more is seen,  
He has emerged upon the plains beyond  
The sheltering City walls, and soon will join,  
In combat with the steel-clad Knights of Arragon,  
And powers of proud Castile, their hated foes :  
Then blood will freely flow like mountain streams,  
Turning the Xenil's, and the Darro's waves,  
To hue incarnadine, and Death will ride  
Exultant o'er the dreadful scene of strife :  
Now sick at heart, she sinks upon her knees,  
And to the throne of Allah lifts her voice.

“ Oh ! Allah ! Allah ! greatest of the great,  
And mightiest of the mighty, unto whom  
Man is as dust, whose hand's the hand of fate,  
Which sweeps whole nations to the silent tomb.

“ To thee a maiden sorrow-stricken bends,  
And prays for one ! to her than life more dear ;  
As to thy footstool, her weak voice ascends,  
Oh ! turn to the request a listening ear.

“ Guard well my noble Lover in the fight,  
Be round him even as a sevenfold shield !  
Endue his arm with superhuman might,  
To drive our haughty foemen from the field.

“ The standard of thy Prophet-Son he bears,  
The symbol of our faith he rears on high,  
Trusting in thy right arm, each danger dares,  
And in that sacred cause would gladly die.

“ But spare him, save him, nor at one blow kill  
Two faithful worshippers, for were he dead ;  
Soon would each pulse of this fond heart be still,  
All hope of earthly joy would then be fled.

“ Yet oh ! forgive thy servant if too bold,  
And grant me strength, whate'er thy will may be,  
In due restraint all murmurings to hold,  
And bow submissive to thy just decree.”

'Twas thus she prayed, then rising from her knees,  
Her earnest gaze toward the distant plain,  
(Where lie encamped the Christian host,) she bent ;  
Their white tents glistened in the moon's pale beams,  
Which played on many a knightly pennon,  
And brightly glanced,—as slowly it unfurled  
Its blazoned folds,—upon the gorgeous flag,  
Where interwoven, were displayed the arms  
Of Ferdinand and Isabel ; no form  
Was seen to move along their lines entrenched,  
It seemed they slept, as sleeps the fleecy charge,  
Ere bounds the ravenous wolf into the fold :  
But no ! they had marked the rising clamour,  
And now stood, enshrouded by their tents,  
Prepared for action ; onward swept the Moors,  
In stern and dark array, sending before  
A cloud of light-armed Scythians, like spray  
Flying ahead, when sweeps the ocean's billow,  
And as that spray,—when by a rock opposed,—  
Is scattered wide, so wheeling they retire,  
Discharging first their darts, when starting up  
Are seen the Spanish ranks ; now do they meet  
Like mountain bulls, inflamed by mutual hate,  
Rending the ground beneath them, shouts and groans,  
The piercing neigh of steeds, the clash of arms,  
Arise in mingled discord on the air,  
Shuddering the Maid retires, and seeks within  
The Harem's deep recesses, to exclude  
Those sounds, which cause her gentle breast to thrill,  
As every cry exultant of the foe's,  
Seems to proclaim, the fall of him she loves,  
And fancy sickens at the dreadful thought.

Through the long night, the contest fiercely raged,  
With various success, but as the dawn  
Was breaking in the east, Ben Hammed's steed  
Received a shaft, which penetrated deep  
His breast within, and as he downward fell,  
A battle-axe cleft the steel lining through,  
Of the Moor's jewelled turban, and deprived  
Its wearer of all sense and motion : wild  
Was now the shout, the Christian host sent up,  
As sank his form upon the gory plain,  
And dropped from out his nerveless grasp that Flag !  
Which had spread terror through their bravest ranks,  
As every stroke from him who bore it, sent  
A soul to its account ; 'twas quickly caught  
By a Castilian Knight, and carried off  
In triumph ; struck with fear, the Moslem troops  
On every side gave way, and flying sought,  
Safety within the City's sheltering walls.  
A small but faithful band, around their chief  
Had gathered, and now stood as stands a rock,  
On every side of which the wild-waves roar,  
Exposed to the whole adverse host's attack ;  
Thick as a hail storm, were the winged shafts,  
Showered on this dauntless few, who shouting fell,  
Forming a rampart of dead bodies, round  
Their loved Commander ; stricken now with shame,  
And fired with emulation, once more rushed  
The fugitives afield, and beating back,  
With their impetuous charge, the startled foe,  
Opened a path for those who still survived,  
Who raising on their blood-stained dinted shields  
Their senseless Chieftain, bore him to the City.

There was a sound of lamentation, heard  
That morn within the streets of Granada !  
Widows their husbands, orphans sought their sires  
In vain 'mid those, who spent with toil and pain,  
Come staggering in, some dropping 'ere they reached  
The threshold of their home. Oh how unlike  
The gorgeous glittering array, which when  
The Queen of night was riding high in Heav'n,  
Did issue forth in warlike panoply,  
Of victory confident : and where is he !  
Who led them on ? that proud heroic chief !  
Who went forth joyous to the battle field  
As 'twere a festive scene ; weak as a child,  
With scarce enough of blood within his veins,  
To bind unto its mortal tenement,  
That hitherto unbending spirit ; now  
Does a shuddering chill, pervade his frame,  
Reviving consciousness begins to steal  
O'er his benighted faculties ; his lips  
Are quivering like the aspen's restless leaves,  
And a faint tinge,—such as the beam of morn  
First casts upon the Sierra's snow-capped height,  
To herald his approach,—suffuses now  
His pallid cheeks ; sleep ! youthful warrior sleep !  
Better, far better, die as thou hast lived,  
Exulting in the glory of thy name,  
Than wake to die an ignominious death,  
For such the law of Granada decrees  
To those, who yield unto the Christian foe,  
The consecrated Standard of the Prophet,  
And nought of mercy will thy Sultan show,  
Who hates thee, with a rival's deadly hate.



How bore Zelinda the heart-rending news,  
The wreck of all her bosom's dearest hopes?  
Did she give way to grief, and fill the air  
With shrieks and lamentations? no! she sat  
As one to whom this world's a dreary blank,  
A wild bewildering chaos, void of aught  
On which the imagination can repose,  
And deem itself at rest; to her life seem'd  
Without an object, aim, or end; beneath  
The stunning blow, her reason totter'd, and  
All of the past, the present, and to come,  
In dire confusion mingled were together.  
Footsteps approach, and now before her stands,  
Abu Abdallah! he, who long had sought  
To win her for his bride, the Moorish King,  
Usurper of his aged Father's throne:  
Prayers and intreaties, had he used in vain,  
Her heart was bound in adamantine bonds,  
To one far nobler, richer in possessing,  
A mind the chosen seat of every virtue;  
To be Sultana! nought she cared for that,  
If her Ben Hamed! shared not in the honour,  
Threats were resorted to, but in her mind,  
They fell as idle as the summer winds,  
Unnoticed, or if noticed, but with scorn;  
He dared not work his will, for she was one  
Of noble race, whose warlike sire was held,  
In estimation great among the people.  
"Zelinda for the last time have I come,  
To gaze upon the light of those bright eyes!  
And ask thee to accept the hand and heart,  
Of one! who ne'er before did vainly sue

At beauty's feet, nay Maiden! answer not,  
At least, until my lips have uttered that,  
Which may thy heart, to acquiescence move ;  
He ! whom thou lovest, is condemned to die,  
A base ignoble death ; if he so dies,  
Thou art his murderer, for thou hast power,  
Through me to mitigate his sentence,  
To that of banishment from hence ; my arm,  
And mine alone, can snatch him from beneath  
The lifted axe, and consideration,—  
Save that of pressing in these longing arms,  
That peerless form, and calling thee my own,—  
Shall tempt me to arrest the course of justice,  
This by our sacred Prophet ! do I swear,  
And by each word that's graved upon the Koran !”  
The Maid, had risen at the King's approach,  
And her wild vacant gaze, gave place to one,  
Of deeply rooted scorn, and proud disdain ;  
And now a smile incredulous played o'er  
Her lovely features :—“ Sultan ! thou dost well,—  
Thus with an idle tale to mock mine ear,  
But thinkest thou my judgment is so weak,  
As to give credence to that tale, oh ! no,—  
This ingrate City, will not so condemn,  
The bravest and the best of her defenders ;”  
“ Then let thine eyes, afford thee confirmation”  
The King replied, as seizing on her arm,  
He led her unresisting to the lattice :  
Supported by his guards, Ben Hammed knelt,  
His head was placed upon the fatal block,  
The axe was raised, “ save him ! and I consent !”  
She said, then fainting sank upon the floor.

And She ! became the Moorish Monarch's bride,  
Gave herself up to one her soul abhorred,  
To save the life of Him ! to whom that life,  
Was as a burthen, wanting her sweet presence.  
And He ! went forth a spirit broken man,—  
When from his bed of sickness he arose,—  
To dwell amid the mountains ; long he lay  
Worn low by sufferings bodily, but more  
By the deep anguish preying on his mind,  
Making a wreck of all that once was noble,  
Generous, fraught with aspirations high,  
And visions bright of glories unachieved,  
And schemes of future happiness. Alas !  
In this dark world of gloom and grief, how few  
Of the blest dreams of youth are realized,  
A tempest sweeps, where all before was rife  
With mirthful gladness, and the scene is changed  
To one of desolation ; downward goes,  
The stately fabric of our high-raised hopes,  
Involving in its ruin, all the heart's  
Best feelings and affections ; it becomes  
E'en as a withered trunk, with all the sap,  
The milk of human kindness, dried within ;  
Misanthrophy ! erects his gloomy throne  
Within the bosom, which was wont to beat  
Responsive to the calls of Sympathy !  
No more we strive to mitigate the woes,  
Of fellow wanderers in this " vale of tears,"  
Pity's bright drops, no more suffuse the cheek,  
Nor is the arm instinctively put forth,  
To save from sinking, one who like ourselves,  
Is stricken by the arrows of adversity !

He went, but 'ere he went, he sought and gained,  
A last sad interview, with his much-loved,  
His lost Zelinda! on the very spot  
Where they had parted last, the Lovers met;  
A gulph was now between them, and a change,  
A startling change, had come upon them both,  
As though long years, of suffering and sorrow,  
Since then had intervened; no tongue can tell,  
No pen describe, the mingled agony,  
And joy intense, of that last interview:  
Let it suffice, that they were by a slave  
(Appointed to watch o'er Zelinda's footsteps)  
Together seen, wrapped in a close embrace,  
The tale was to his master quickly told,  
Who mad with rage and jealousy, resolved,  
—Tired of her faded charms,— to rid himself  
Of one, who ever met his looks of love,  
With those of deep aversion: when at length  
They tore themselves apart, he! bent his steps  
To seek a cave amid the Sierra's crags,  
Where he might linger out his weary life  
Apart from man; and she! on her return,  
Was seized and to a dungeon deep conveyed,  
There to await the mockery of a trial,  
In which the accuser, was the judge supreme,  
Whose wishes were as law to the Divan.  
She was condemned to expiate her crime,—  
Adultery! was that crime, a charge most false.  
For never Angel was more free from guilt,—  
By dying at the stake, consumed in flames,  
Such was her sentence, and the following strain,  
Will tell the mournful sequel of my Tale!

'Twas morn! the Moorish trumpet's wail,  
Was borne upon the passing gale;  
It echoed through the Alhambra's halls,  
In mournful, undulating falls;  
O'er Darro's fruitful vale it swept,  
And up the rocky Sierra crept,  
Where each recess, its answering strains,  
Sent far across the Vega's plains.  
Those strains as on the ear they fell,  
A tale of terror seem'd to tell,  
So deep, so boding, was the sound,  
So desolate, it rung around,  
The wild Gazell, on Xenil's brink,  
Which of its limpid stream did drink,  
Lifted with sudden start its head,  
And frightened, to the mountains fled;  
The pious Santim, in his cave,  
Which hangs above the Darro's wave,—  
Where rising from 'mid cyprus bowers,  
Gleams forth the minarets and towers,  
Of princely Granada,—awoke!—  
And as the sound his vision broke,  
He started from his couch of leaves,  
Where the brown moss its garment weaves,  
Clothed his gaunt form, in loose array,  
And down the hill-side bent his way;  
Pale was his face, his sunken eye,  
Seemed rolling in insanity;

The Andalusian matron caught  
A trembling babe in either arm,  
And from him fled in wild alarm,  
So fierce his glance, with horror fraught.

Onward he went, and quickly past,  
The portals of that City vast,  
The Moorish kingdom's, strength and pride,  
Which oft has proved the glittering tide  
Of warriors, clothed in burnished steel,  
On Arragon ! and proud Castile !  
Whose troops in leaguering array,  
Upon the plains beyond now lay :  
He paused beneath the Elvira's Arch !  
Which oft has echoed to the march  
Of Afric's Princes, and has rang,  
With trumpet's blast, and cymbal's clang  
When was the sacred Flag unfurled,  
Defiance on the Christians hurled,  
And Muley Hassan, led his ranks,  
E'en to the Guadalquiver's banks :  
When the wild cry of " Allah hu !"  
As through the plains their Arabs flew,  
Struck to the Foemen's heart dismay,  
And wide was spread the Moslem sway.  
All bowed to their resistless power  
Where now the red-cross crowns the tower,  
The silver Crescent proudly waved,  
From Cities by the Tagus laved,  
'Mid smiling vineyards, verdant fields,  
Where the rich earth, to culture yields,  
Abundant crops of golden grain,  
To Alpuxarre's lofty chain :

Now quenched, as in a dismal night,  
When clouds and darkness intervene,  
That symbol of their faith is seen,  
No more to shed its glorious light.

'Tis not my purpose here to tell,  
How one by one, those strongholds fell,  
Intestine broils had struck the blow,  
Which bade their noblest blood to flow,  
And every street, and tower was rife,  
With tokens of the civil strife ;  
The throne so often lost and won,  
Was battled for by Sire 'gainst Son,  
And each as on the height he stood,  
Gazed downward on a sea of blood,  
Through which he'd waded to obtain  
A post so fraught, with care and pain.  
Oh ! had they but united been,  
Ne'er had the Christian foe been seen,  
So near the imperial City's gates,  
But madly they, as though the fates  
Had o'er their spirits cast a spell,  
And destiny ! had rung the knell,  
Of Moorish grandeur, power, and might,—  
Against each other urged the fight ;  
Rapine, and bloodshed, crimes most black,  
Did mark their fall, and as the track,  
Of the dread Comet through the sky,  
Foretells the end of Kingdoms nigh,  
So did those crimes, so foul and dark,  
The Moslem nation's downfall mark.  
Of every place of strength bereft,  
Save Granada by factions cleft,  
With bitterness they wait the close  
Of the dark drama, and deplore,  
Possessions lost, and glories o'er.  
Surrounded by exulting foes.

To Vivarambla's spacious square !  
The Hermit hastened, gathered there  
A countless multitude were seen,  
With clouded brows, and sullen mien,  
Low murmurs sounded through the host,  
Like waves upon a rock-bound coast,  
And threatening gleamed each swarthy face ;  
Within the midst, enclosed a space  
Appeared, with barriers tall and strong  
To backward keep the turban'd throng ;  
Their voices sank in pious awe,  
When they that mountain-dweller saw,  
He paused, his wild cry filled the air,  
So fraught with horror, and despair,  
That every cheek was blenched with fear,  
And stopped instinctively each ear ;  
Again broke forth that thrilling cry,  
As pointing to a scaffold high,  
Within the midst, which overhung  
A funeral pyre, where sables flung,  
A darksome shade with gloom so rife,  
(Sad emblems of departed life)  
While supernatural terror gleam'd  
O'er his shrunk lineaments, which seem'd  
Convulsed with deepest agony,  
His gaze was fixed upon the sky,  
As though he commune held with one !  
Whom mortals, dare not look upon.

Then round was cast his phrenzied glance  
While ever and anon, his breast  
He beat like one by grief possess'd,  
Almost too great for utterance.



“Woe! woe! to Granada!” began  
In accents wild, that fearful man!  
“Woe! woe! upon us and our race,  
Doomed, evil doomed, to urge the chase,  
Whose end is servitude, or death!  
But what is loss of mortal breath?  
Better by far were it to die,  
Than live in bonds of slavery,  
A thousand lingering deaths to feel,  
Worse than the tomb could e’er reveal;  
Like a dark storm amid the hills,  
Our fall o’ertakes us, horror fills  
Each vein within me as I gaze,  
And pierce the future’s gloomy maze;  
Oh! that these eyes for aye were closed,  
That this worn form in death reposed,  
Then should I not thus see the scroll,  
The Prince of terrors does unroll,  
Which sears mine eye-balls as I read,  
And makes mine heart with grief to bleed:  
Eblis! dark Eblis! spreads his wings,  
Whose shadow desolation brings,  
Prince of the evil powers of night,  
Vengeance! and Hate! attend his flight;  
Lord of the air, the earth, the flood,  
And fires unquench’d, whose food is blood,  
Once I beheld him, and again  
Exultant o’er the recking plain,  
Through billow’s foam, ’mid thunder’s crash,  
While lurid lightnings round him fly,  
Waving his gory banner high,  
On! on! resistless does he dash.

See ! swift he on the death cloud speeds,  
With fury goads his shadowy steeds ;  
Now is the destined goal attain'd,  
Their pace is suddenly restrain'd,  
While he ascends the regal throne,  
Which o'er that funeral pyre has grown ;  
Surpassing glory's round him shed,  
A crown of gold is on his head,  
And in his hand a mighty spear,  
Which fills the stoutest heart with fear,  
Levels the pride of knighthood's power,  
Makes beauty like a withered flower,  
Defiled, and trampled in the dust,  
And palmy splendour clothes in rust.  
Mine eye is fixed in thine's dread beams,  
Which now with exultation gleams,  
Turn where I will, throughout the land,  
I trace the work of thy red hand,  
Thy footmark's stamp'd upon the soil,  
This mighty kingdom is thy spoil,  
Thy spirit spreads dismay and gloom,  
Primeval cause of our dark doom :  
I see upon thy brow e'en now,  
The shadow of the deed which thou  
Art tracing in the soul and brain  
Of love's unhappy victim, plain  
I see the steel, I hear the shriek,  
Which fearfully thy power does speak,  
But oh ! I hear above them all,—  
Those cries of woe ! and blood ! and chains !  
Which echo o'er the Vega's plains,—  
Thy laugh, which does the soul appal.

His voice now sank to mutterings low  
And incoherent, like the flow  
Of gushing waters, where the rock,  
Detached, and shivered by the shock,  
Of volcano, or lightnings blast,  
Has down its massive fragments cast,  
Stopping the passage of the brook ;  
Less wild and wandering, his look  
Became, and now a settled calm,  
Stole o'er his face, his outstretched arm,  
Fell void of motion, and his head

Droop'd low upon his care-worn breast,  
As though the soul from thence had fled,

To seek above for peace and rest.

They caught him, as unto the ground  
He sank, then thronging gather'd round,  
And now a cry of great surprise,  
And wonderment, which rent the skies,  
Breaks forth, for now they recognize,—  
In that gaunt form ! and ghastly face !  
Though sadly shorne of every grace,  
Which but a few short months before,  
Had play'd his manly features o'er,—  
The Prince who to the battle bore  
The sacred Flag, and led them on,  
The Christian foeman's ranks upon ;  
They'd deemed him dead, and now a shout,  
As the news spread the square throughout,

A deaf'ning shout of glad acclaim,  
Arose, which ringing far and wide,  
And echoing from side to side,

Did the assembly's joy proclaim.

But hush ! he wakes from out the trance,  
And slowly now around does glance,  
His eye no longer flashes bright,  
With fierce delirium's fearful light,  
But mild and soft, its beams do fall,  
And to the multitude recall,  
His look, so gentle, and so kind,  
'Ere past events had scar'd his mind :  
They raised him, he essayed to speak,  
His voice was tremulous and weak,  
It rang no longer shrill and wild,

    Filling the listener's breast with fear,  
But now, in accents, sweetly mild,

    Fell soothingly upon the ear ;  
" Oh ! Allah akbar ! God is just,  
    Is mighty, and is merciful,

In him ! and him ! alone I trust,

    My cup of sorrow has been full,  
Full even unto overflowing,  
Evil, upon evil growing,  
Until my powers of mind gave way,  
Nor longer bowed 'neath reason's sway :  
Amid confusion, dire and dark,  
My troubled soul,—as is a bark  
Upon the ocean tempest tost,  
With all the means of guidance lost,—  
Has far from out its course been driven,  
But now the gloomy veil is riven,

    The darksome vapours now have pass'd,  
And the bright realms of Paradise,  
Lie open to my longing eyes,

    Where peace, and gladness, ever last."

“ I bow unto Mahomet’s will,  
’Tis he ! alone, can save or kill ;  
And gladly take my staff in hand,  
    Though weary be the pilgrimage,  
To journey to that distant land,  
    That spot secure from mortal’s rage,  
Where my Zelinda ! I shall meet,  
And pass the hours in commune sweet,  
’Mid strains of melody divine,  
    Which Houries hymn to Allah’s praise,  
Whose glorious black eyes, glance and shine,  
    Bright as the sun’s meridian rays.  
Oh man ! frail man ! thou art indeed  
    A worm ! a speck ! a grain of dust !  
Priding thyself on strength and speed,  
    Yet swept away by the first gust,  
Which Allah sends upon the earth ;  
E’er weak, as in thine hour of birth,  
E’er changeful, as in boyhood’s years,  
Now smiling, now immersed in tears ;  
Intent on bubbles, bright and fair,  
Which burst, and leave thee in despair :  
Proud of thy gorgeous trappings, proud  
    Of thy weak voice, and powerless arm,  
    Yet filled with terror and alarm,  
When death ! thy spirit does enshroud.  
Such was I once, but such no more,  
With me life’s weaknesses are o’er,  
Its vanities have all gone by,  
My only wish is now to die ;  
And soon, full soon, my soul will quit  
This mortal coil, and upward flit.”

“ I go, but ere I go, I fain  
Would pour to thee ! a parting strain,  
Oh Granada ! thou City bright,  
Thou monument of Moorish might,  
Which distant ages will survey,  
When all our race have passed away,  
With wonderment and deep surprise ;  
Thy domes and pinacles which rise,  
So rich in all the sculptor’s art,  
So beautiful in every part ;  
Thy temples fill’d with golden stores,  
With fretted roofs, mosaic floors ;  
Thy gushing founts, beneath the bowers,  
Thy spreading walls, and stately towers,  
To all, I bid a long farewell !  
To grove ! to orange-blossomed dell !  
To fragrant bower ! and festive hall !  
Which soon will echo back the fall  
Of the Castilian’s mail-clad feet,  
When our degraded sons must greet  
As conquerors, and unto their nod  
Bow, as they kiss the chastening rod :  
And to the Mosque ! that sacred Fane,  
Which soon will christian rites profane,  
When tinkling bell, and anthems peal,  
Will through its aisles majestic steal,  
And o’er the desecrated shrine,  
The Crescent bright no more will shine,  
But the Red-Cross,”—he gasped for breath,—  
“ Adieu ! to Fort ! and tented Field !  
Allah ! to thee ! my soul I yield,”—  
He said, then closed his eyes in death.

They bore him out, and now again  
Was heard that sadly-solemn strain,  
Which waked him ! from his mossy bed,  
Who ne'er again will lift his head,  
At sound of sorrow, or of joy,  
Whose breast no more will care annoy.  
Nearer it came, and 'neath the Arch,  
Now passed with slow, and measured march,  
With glittering, unsheathed ataghans,  
A band of those fierce Africans,—  
For their delight in blood-shed known,  
Supporters of Abdallah's throne :  
The crowds recoiled, and ope'd a way,  
Awed by their threatening array,  
The clamour sinks to silence deep,  
As on the pageant dark does sweep.  
Now borne within a Funeral-Car,  
Whose sable plumage floats afar  
Upon the gale, while all around,  
By the black pall, is swept the ground,  
The destined sacrifice is seen,  
Their beautiful, their injured Queen !  
Her pallid cheek and wandering eye,  
Betray the inward agony,  
An agony too deep for tears,  
Which the woe-stricken spirit sears,  
And dries the gushing fount of grief,  
Denying solace, or relief,

Wild and disordered is her air,  
Her tresses float adown her back,  
And play around her ivory neck,  
While clasp'd her hands are, as in prayer

In all the solemn pomp of woe,  
In darkly splendid housings deck'd,  
The champing steeds do onward go,  
And now their stately pace is check'd,  
They stand before that Funeral Pyre,  
Whereon Zelinda must expire :  
The guards more closely gather round,  
As from the crowd is heard a sound  
Of threatening import, such as tells  
The approaching tempest, hoots and yells,  
And execrations, loudly ring,  
As o'er the barriers they spring,  
And quickly to the spot advance,  
While Javelin-heads are glittering,  
And Sabres in the sun-beams glance :  
Eager to execute the deed,  
They bare her from the Car with speed,  
And bind her form upon the pile,  
She struggles not, and a faint smile,  
Plays o'er her face, but ere the brand  
Can be applied, her upraised hand,  
Wherein a dagger bright is seen,—  
Which in the foldings of her vest,  
Had hidden from beholders been,—  
Like lightning falls, her snowy breast  
The blade receives, her soft eyes close,  
In slumber, which for evermore  
Will last, Zelinda's cares and woes,  
Are quenched in that warm tide of gore,  
And Reader! now my Tale is o'er.





## THE POLISH PATRIOT.

---

“ And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell !”

*Campbell.*

WITH mane, which wildly on the night gale stream'd,  
With nostrils wide distended, heaving chest,  
And flashing eye, all duskily which gleam'd,  
As speeds the lightning's flash, or billow's crest,  
When o'er the mighty Ocean's boundless breast,  
The fierce tornado does resistless sweep,  
Obedient to th' all-powerful behest,  
Of Him ! whose arm alone, can subject keep,  
The viewless winds, and waters of the vasty deep.

Spurning the frozen plain, a milk-white Steed,  
Backed by a Warrior, swiftly on did bound,  
As though in circumstance of utmost need ;  
And but for the iron-shod hoof's, re-echoing sound,  
And but for the electric sparks which glanced around,  
One might have deemed, so headlong was their flight ;—  
Amid the brooding solitude profound,  
Some visionary phantom of the night,  
Borne on the icy gale, met meteor-like, his sight.

'Twas at the close of that eventful day,  
When Freedom! o'er brave Kosciusko's bier,  
Saw of the chain, the last link rent away,  
Which bound her unto Poles, and Poland dear;  
And bathed his gory form with many a tear,  
Then shrieking from the scene of carnage fled,  
Scared by the fierce "huzza!" and savage cheer!  
Oppression's bands sent forth as on they sped,  
Trampling beneath their feet, the dying! and the dead!

Pale was the Warrior's face, as though much worn  
By toil, and loss of blood, the wan moon's ray,  
Glanced on his polished helm, of plumage shorn,  
And on his cuirass richly gilt did play,  
Which many a deep indenture did display;  
His brodered scarf, and jacket gave to view,  
Wide rents in token of the desperate fray,  
And on the fleecy snow; of sanguine hue  
A track was left, as swiftly o'er the plain he flew.

At every bound he writhed in agony,  
Still, as pursuing shouts came on the wind,  
Broke flashes bright, from out his eagle eye,  
Of proud disdain, which spake th' unconquer'd mind  
Though near'y spent, his body low reclined,  
And from his nerveless grasp had fall'n the rein  
Yet,—starting up,—he cast a glance behind,  
And struggling with his weakness to retain  
His faculties fast failing, sang this farewell strain!

“ My Father Land! my Father Land!  
An exile sad I fly,  
Without one friendly guiding hand,  
On a foreign shore to die,  
Far! far! from all my heart holds dear,  
The home and friends of youth,  
To wander through the world so drear,  
And trust in stranger's ruth;  
That home, is now in ashes laid,  
And on the field of fight,  
Those friends, the bloody debt have paid,  
Or dragged to slavery's night,  
In dungeons pine their lives away,  
Deprived the light of Heaven,  
Beneath a tyrant's cruel sway,  
No hopes of freedom given;  
Or else to dark Siberia's waste,  
Where roars the wintry flood,  
Urged, goaded on, with savage haste,  
Through pathways tracked with blood,  
Torn from the dear delights of home,  
His children's circling arms,  
The aged Pole is forced to roam,  
Where nature never calms,  
I fought for thee! I bled for thee!  
When every hope had fled,  
And long I struggled fruitlessly,  
Amid the heaps of dead;  
I stood the last of all our race,  
Upon that battle field,  
My aged Sire before my face,  
His heart's best blood did yield,

“Two gallant Brothers by my side,  
Lay weltering in their gore,  
Vain I essayed to stem the tide,  
And fell with wounds pierced o'er,  
A faintness on my spirit stole,  
And labouring came my breath,  
As though I'd reach'd the darksome goal,  
And slept the sleep of death.  
As thus unconsciously I lay,  
Amid the heaps of slain,  
A radiant brightness seemed to play,  
Upon the sanguine plain,  
The clouds rolled back and gave to view,  
A form of awful grace,  
Whose eyes flash'd bright as meteors blue,  
And dazzling shone his face :  
Stayed was the Cossac's wild career,  
Those savage hordes were quell'd,  
No longer now the levell'd spear,  
Triumphantly they held,  
Their trembling hands refused to clasp,  
The gore ensanguined glave,  
It fell from out their nerveless grasp,  
And stillness like the grave,  
Reign'd, where so late was heard around,  
The brazen trumpet's bray,  
The cannon's hollow sullen sound,  
The musketry's fierce play,  
The shouts, the cries, with horror rife,  
The groans of woe and pain,  
And every sound of warlike strife,  
Was hush'd throughout the plain.

“ The Form Angelic waved on high,  
A sword of lurid flame,  
And now a loud appalling cry,  
Unto my closed ears came,  
Where late had stood their hostile force,  
Yawned caverns dim and vast,  
The earth had ope’d, and man and horse,  
Were to destruction cast,  
While from the clouds these words came forth,  
“ Let all oppression cease,  
Thus perish those, who urge my wrath,  
And nations dwell in peace,”—  
Again it closed, and not a trace  
Of that blood thirsty band,  
Remain’d to view but in their place,  
Smiled peacefully the land,  
My scattered countrymen recall’d,  
From havoc ridden flight,  
Gazed on the spot where sank appall’d,  
Their foes to endless night,  
A strain of harmony divine,  
Upon the air did float,  
Now rising loud, now breathing fine,  
As echo’s faintest note,  
And to our wondering eyes made plain,  
Appear’d amid the clouds,  
The forms of those in battle slain,  
In bright and glorious shrouds,  
And sweetly through the high arch rung,  
Their voices choral sound,  
While as these words! the bright host sung,  
Fresh vigour spread around.

“Lo! Vengeance has bared her red right arm,  
And in terrible might on the storm-cloud rides  
Tremble ye Tyrants! no power can disarm,  
Her furious wrath, it each prayer derides.”

“Long have ye play’d the oppressors part,  
Delighting in havoc, and scenes of woe,  
Now shall ye feel the avenging dart,  
And be hurled, void of hope, to the depths below.”

“The innocent blood ye so oft have shed,  
The smoke of our towns to destruction given,  
The groans of the wounded, the souls of the dead,  
Arise for redress to the gates of Heaven.”

“Mourn not brave men! for your relatives slain,  
We have found in the skies a haven of rest,  
Where o’er ye we watch, free from sorrow and pain,  
And welcome ye, dead! to the land of the blest.”

“Think not that the sun of our nation, is set,  
The clouds which obscure it will soon pass away,  
Give not up your minds, to deep boding regret,  
But await with submission the dawning of day.”

“Methought a shout the skies which rent,  
From our assembled legions broke,  
And as my feeble voice I lent,  
I, starting,—from my trance awoke;  
My wounds had stiffen’d, and the cold,  
Shot icy chillness through each vein,  
I scarce from off the ground could hold  
My head, which throbb’d with racking pain,

My lips and tongue were parched with thirst,  
I crawled to where,—mid rushes dank,—  
A stream which from the mountains burst,  
Held its dark course, and gladly drank,  
Refresh'd I rose, and gazed around,  
The moon was sailing over head,  
Throwing a faint, and dim light down,  
Upon my cold and gory bed ;  
The sounds of strife had ceased to ring,  
And all was silence, drear and deep,  
Save when the Eagle flapped his wing,  
And left his feast with upward sweep ;  
Still in the distance might be seen,  
The flames which from our City broke,  
And faintly heard the piercing scream,  
Which vainly succour did invoke :  
Fled was the vision's brightness all,  
The fabric of my dream had flown,  
And o'er the scene the gloomy pall,  
Of stern reality was thrown,—  
As by the quagmire's gleam allured,  
The traveller over pathless wastes,  
No longer feels his breast obscured,  
By direful doubts, but onward hastes,  
Deceived, he thinks his toils are o'er,  
His wanderings have reach'd their end,  
And to the sheltering cottage door,  
Direct his weary footsteps tend,  
Sudden, the light which guided him,  
Expires before his wondering eyes,  
And sinking the morass within,  
All hope from out his bosom flies,—

So sank my spirit at the change,  
When distant shouts came on my ear,  
My eyes as o'er the scene they range,  
Rest on the Foeman's glittering spear,  
A Charger masterless stood nigh,  
Impell'd by love of life, I sieze  
The bridle—mount—and now we fly—  
As onward urged by fate's decrees."

"Stay! stay thy speed! my gallant Steed!  
Bear me not on so fast,  
My wounds begin afresh to bleed,  
And life is ebbing fast,  
Pursuing foes are near at hand,  
My race is nearly run,  
I ne'er shall reach another land,  
My mortal web is spun:  
Then welcome death! my spirit spurns,  
To live a tyrant's boast,  
My longing soul, with ardour yearns,  
To join our martyr'd host."  
He'd paused upon a craggy steep  
Which overhung the tide,  
And now the spurs were buried deep  
Into his Courser's side,  
"Ha! ha! in vain ye furious ride  
Ye fell insatiate foes."  
He said, the foaming waves divide,  
And quickly o'er him close.





# THE MOON-LIGHT WALK.

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## DEDICATORY STANZAS.

---

LOVED of my soul ! when through the lapse of years  
Thou dost recall the scenes of by-gone days,  
And o'er the chequered path of smiles and tears,  
Of clouds and sunshine, thou dost backward gaze ;  
When memory does disperse the misty haze  
Which veils the past, and busy retrospect,  
Full many a form from hence removed, displays,  
Consigned to cold oblivion's dark neglect ;  
Thoul't then on him ! who wrote these feeble lines, reflect.

I ask thee not to cloud a mirthful hour,  
By vain repinings after pleasures past,  
But there are moments when reflection's power,  
Like a soft soothing spell, its chains does cast,  
And binds the rapt imagination fast ;  
When voices hush'd in death around do steal,  
And scenes of youth, too beautiful to last,  
So fraught with joy, does memory reveal,  
And as we felt in those bright days, again we feel.

Oh ! 'tis delightful, 'mid life's sterile waste,  
To pause in our career, and backward look ;  
Of pleasures fled for aye again to taste,  
To roam in fancy by the gurgling brook,  
Through many a haunt of childhood long forsook ;  
To ope the treasure-house of memory,  
Where,—as bloom violets in some silvan nook,  
Loading with sweets the gale which passed by,—  
The heart's best feelings and emotions hidden lie,

Old time steals on, and as our years increase,  
Increase the cares with which this world abounds,  
Oh ! may it be to thee, a scene of peace,  
Of gladsome sights, and joy-diffusing sounds ;  
And as the seasons slow revolve their rounds,  
May each to thee, increase of pleasure bring,  
Ne'er mayst thou gaze upon grief's dark profounds,  
Ne'er aught of sorrow to thy spirit cling,  
Or clouds across thy path, their gloomsome shadow fling.

As vessels meet upon the trackless Sea,  
Thy bark ! and mine ! have met upon life's tide,  
But soon perchance, stern fate may so decree,  
That we by storms be separated wide  
To struggle singly, safely mayst thou ride  
The tempest out, and reach the destined shore ;  
Be it mine to founder, severed from thy side,  
With me life's hopes and fears will all be o'er,  
Nothing I'll heed the lightning's gleam, the surges roar.

---

THE golden orb of day had sunk to rest  
Amid the chambers of the far-off west,  
And high o'er head now rode the queen of night,  
Flooding the woodlands with her dewy light,  
Glancing her bright beams through the clustering trees,  
Whose foliage quivered in the Autumn breeze,  
Which from the boughs, their leafy honours bore,  
And with their wreck, the green-sward covered o'er.  
'Twas silence all—not even a gurgling spring  
Broke on the stillness with its murmuring,  
Or dulcet note of tuneful Philomel,  
Arising from the hazel copse ; each dell  
And flowery dingle, deep in shadow lay,  
While all the open ground was light as day !  
Where myriad dew-drops did like gems bedeck  
The spreading lawn, and flash'd the moon-beams back.

It was a night, so soft, so sweetly calm,—  
So redolent of peace,— that nought of harm,  
No evil thoughts, no passions dark or rude,  
Could there, within the gazer's breast intrude ;  
But banished far were human cares and woes,  
And each emotion wild hush'd to repose.

Amid this fairy scene, I mark'd a pair !  
Lovers they seem'd, the maid was young and fair,  
And graceful as a lovely woodland sprite,  
Her form was beautiful, her step was light  
As is the footstep of the frolic fawn,  
When bounding in the beams of early morn.

With head downcast, she listened to the low  
And earnest tones which from the youth did flow ;  
The words I could not trace, but well I ween  
It was a tale according with the scene ;  
For who could speak of aught, but bliss and love,  
With such a bright and beauteous moon above ?  
And such a scene of loveliness below,—  
Causing the nerves to thrill, the heart to glow,  
With the full rapturous tide,—and to the speech  
Giving a power which nought but love can teach ;  
When thoughts gush forth in glowing words which burn,  
And the rapt spirit cold restraint does spurn,  
When all those inmost wishes are reveal'd,  
And yearnings, hitherto so close conceal'd.

They paused upon the chesnut-tufted brow  
Of a green hillock in the path, and now  
They both exclaimed “how beautiful”—but he !  
Was gazing on the maiden's face, while she !  
With head upturned toward the azure skies,  
And admiration beaming from her eyes,  
Gazed upon Dian's bow ! a crystal tear  
Hung trembling from the silken lash, so clear  
It,—like the sparkling diamond,—gave to view  
The many-tinted rainbow's every hue.  
It was not grief, which caused that tear to start,  
    It was not grief, which caused the rising sigh,  
It told the fullness of an o'ercharged heart,  
    It spoke of thrilling joy, of extacy !

She turned her hazel eye, her glance met his,  
Their lips united in a lingering kiss ;

Then blushing, trembling, from his fond embrace,  
She turned away her happy, glowing face,  
And in a voice as softly musical  
As the Eolian Harp ! when does the swell  
Of the calm night-breeze, whisper through its strings ;  
In tones, to which the memory fondly clings,  
When those who gave them birth have passed away,  
And shadows dark have buried every ray  
Of happiness, which did our pathway gild ;  
In tones, whose melody so melting thrill'd  
O'er all his soul, reproached the enamoured swain,  
But even while reproaching, seemed again  
To invite a repetition ; as she chid  
In accents faltering, could not be hid  
The tenderness, which trembled on her tongue ;  
Enraptured on those accents soft he hung,  
And all his spirit with her beauty fired,  
His thoughts gush'd forth in verse, like one inspired.

“ Oh beautiful it is to look  
Upon a guileless maiden's eyes,  
When mirror'd clear, as in a brook,  
Each feeling of her young heart lies ;  
When joy is radiant in her smiles,  
Or sparkles the ingenuous tear,  
Ere' yet corrupted by the wiles  
Of this dark world, her bosom clear  
From aught of falsehood, or deceit,  
Its every inmost thought displays,  
With calm serenity does meet,—  
In conscious innocence,—the gaze ;  
'Tis said, from such a maiden's eye,  
E'en beasts of prey will daunted fly.

Now, arm-in-arm, the pathway they pursue,  
'Neath Sycamore, and Beech, and spreading Yew,  
Whose interwoven branches form a glade,  
Through which the moon-beams cast a chequer'd shade;  
Like to the path of life, here, bright with joy,  
There, shadowed o'er by sorrow's dark alloy.

Again they pause, to gaze the boughs between,  
Upon a lovely spot, a silvan scene,  
Where Oberon might hold his magic court,  
And Titiana in the moon-light sport;  
It was a vista, ended by a mound,  
Whose summit with a mighty Oak was crown'd,  
The forest monarch! seated on his throne,  
His arms gigantic far around were thrown,  
And high,—in token of his regal power,—  
Above the rest, his head immense did tower.

But see! what flies across the grassy mead?  
Now bounding onward with the lightning's speed,  
Now pausing suddenly; the timorous Deer!  
How glance his antlers in the moon-light clear;  
Now does he stoop to crop the herbage green,  
Now, starting, stands erect with frightened mien,  
Now look around him, with a wary eye,  
And now emits his short quick plaintive cry,  
'Tis answered from the shade, the boughs are stirr'd,  
And bounding forth came all the dappled herd,  
In frolic gambols, here awhile they play,  
Then down the woodland-alley haste away,  
To seek a covert meet for their repose,  
Deep in the woods, secure from human foes.

Now do they thread the thicket, now the grove,  
Where not a ray breaks through the screen above,  
So thick, so dark, so silent, and so lone,  
That,—were it not for the soft breeze's moan,  
And rustling of leaves beneath their feet,—  
They might have deemed themselves in some retreat  
Far from the busy world, where the cold sleep  
Of death, had fall'n on all; some cavern deep,  
Beneath the earth, or ever restless main,  
Where torpid slumber did each sense enchain,  
In icy bonds, which held the spirit fast,  
And all was darkness, fathomless, and vast.

Closer unto his arm, the gentle Maid!  
Clung, while he whispered "love! be not afraid,  
Think not that aught of harm can come to thee!  
So spotless in thy mind, from sin so free,  
That the red lightning, glancing o'er thy path,  
Would turn aside, powerless to do thee scath."

"With thee for my companion, I'd explore  
Each spot unknown to man, would fearless ride  
Amid the foaming of the stormy tide;  
Traverse the wild, the pathless desert o'er,  
Scale glacier'd heights, 'mid avalanche's roar,  
Where, does the spirit of the storm preside,  
Spreading destruction o'er the valley wide;  
Would dare the cold of Lapland's ice-bound shore,  
Secure that nought of evil would betide,  
With such a stainless being by my side;  
For with that look of Angel purity,  
All dangers safely mayest thou defy."

Emerging from the grove, now do they stand  
Before a pile of architecture, plann'd  
To be the Darnley's last sad resting place,  
The Mausoleum ! of that ancient race ;

But never had the consecrated rite  
Been here performed, nor must their bodies rest  
On ground, save that by holy Prelate bless'd ;

So custom has decreed, but is this right ?  
Can prayer by Mortals breathed, e'er sanctify  
One spot above the rest ? can the Most High !  
Be pleased with idle ceremonies, forms,  
Worthy that age of bigotry,—when storms  
Which spreading havoc o'er the land do sweep,  
And rouse the ocean from its tranquil sleep,  
Or breezes bland, and fertilizing showers,—  
Were, by the credulous, in Priestcraft's powers,  
Believed to come and go, at their command ;  
In which we, more enlighten'd, trace the hand  
Of One Supreme ! the God-Head ! great and good,  
Ruler alike of earth, and air, and flood.

I would not in reproof or censure, speak,  
Well knowing, that my judgment is but weak,  
Yet sure, such mummary must be in vain,  
Has He ! not bless'd the mountain, and the plain ?  
And called it good ! then why should feeble man !  
Select from nature's universal plan,  
One little spot, and with prelatic pride,  
Mumble a prayer, declare it sanctified,  
And tell us, only on that little spot,  
Our forms shall moulder, and our bones shall rot,  
Returning from the dust from whence we sprung ?  
That only there the solemn dirge be sung.



The ceremony, must be paid with gold !  
The sum demanded here was vast, of old,  
Went the Disciples forth with scrip and staff,  
They ate of nature's produce and did quaff,  
When thirsty, of the pure and gushing spring,  
No thought had they amid their wandering,  
Of aught but prayer and praise, nor did they seek  
To heap up riches, poorly clad and meek,  
They girded up their loins, and on their way  
They went rejoicing, that to them 'twas given,  
The goodness of the Maker to display,  
And point the pathway out, which leads to Heaven !

But I my scattered fancies must recall,  
Be it mine to rest,—when cold abstraction's pall  
Has closed around me, when this life has fled,  
Of cares and pangs,—within a narrow bed  
Of earth, far ! far ! from human habitude,  
It matters not how desolate, how rude ;  
Let the shrill blast around my lonely grave,  
Sweep in its wild career, but let there wave,  
Above the spot, one solitary tree,  
A mournful Cyprus ! whose green boughs may be  
An emblem of those hopes, which during life,  
Existed amid clouds, of gloom and strife.

Yet little recks it where the form is lain,  
Whether on mountain top, or cultured plain,  
Or in the bosom of the boundless sea,  
When from that form, the spirit ! is set free,  
The vital essence ! the immortal spark !  
And all is apathy, so cold and dark,

They stood, and gazed upon that marble pile !  
On pinnacle and column, bright did smile  
The silver beams of Cynthia, and a thrill,  
Of awe mysterious, did each bosom fill,  
As fancy,—'mid the sighing of the breeze,—  
Which stirr'd the branches of the neighbouring trees,  
And waved the grass, and furze, which grew around,—  
From out the dim sepulchral depths profound,  
Conjured up voices, in that murmuring strain,  
Like whispered accents, of a spirit train.

Just then, there came a light and fleecy cloud  
Across the moon, which partially did shroud  
The rich refulgence of her lustrous beam ;  
Obscuring, but not hiding, it did seem  
Like the thin gossamer's transparent hue,  
Veiling a face of loveliness, where through  
Might the beholder, all undazzled, trace,  
Softened, and chastened, each bewitching grace.  
His ! eye, was fixed upon the expanse above,  
While her's ! was turned on him, with looks of love,  
As thus, in accents with devotion fraught,  
He gave expression to the tide of thought.

“ Hail ! hail ! to thee, pale Queen of silent Night,  
Serene thou ridest in the vault above,  
Casting around thy dim and shadowy light,  
Attuning all the soul to peace and love ;  
The Hypochondriac gazing on thy beam,  
Forgets his woes, and o'er his spirit steals  
Thine influence, like a soft soothing dream,  
Which pleasing images of bliss reveals ;

Man's fiercer passions; lull'd by thee! to rest,  
Gave place to feelings pure, and holy calm,  
No longer rages wild his troubled breast,  
Thy! gentle rays, the evil powers disarm:  
That season, else all gloom, thou makest bright  
And beautiful, hail! hail! sweet Queen of Night!"

He ceased, and now a black cloud, like a pall,  
Swept o'er the azure sky, obscuring all  
The beauty, and the brightness of the scene;  
No longer glistening in the silver sheen,  
But like a giant, 'mid the impending gloom,  
In shadowy indistinctness stood the tomb.  
Wrapping her shawl more closely round, the Maid  
Whispered "how long we from our friends have stay'd,  
The night is thickening, and the Autumn gale  
Wails, as it told of misery a tale;  
Come! let us hasten on," he gave consent,  
And through the gloom, their footsteps quick they bent.

I stood alone! and now upon mine ear  
There came a joyous shout, it loud and clear,  
Throughout the arches of the woods did ring,  
And far, its oft repeated echoes fling;  
Another, and another, quick succeed,  
Arising on the gale with winged speed;  
Then voices raised in answering accents, told,  
The wanderers, their companions did behold;  
Then came the burst of merriment, and glee,  
Which spake of hearts from care and sorrow free,  
These gradual in the distance died away,  
I turned, and homeward bent my lonely way.

Full oft, amid the gloomy hours of night,  
A lovely vision rises to my view,  
A female face, on which the clear moon-light  
Plays, and imparts a pale unearthly hue ;  
And from the upturned hazel eyes, do-beam,  
Looks of such heavenly purity, so mild,  
So soft, so Seraph-like, that she does seem  
A wanderer from the realms on high, a child,  
Not of this earth, but of a brighter sphere,  
Sent on some holy mission, to impart  
Comfort to the afflicted, and to cheer,  
With her bright presence, many a broken heart :  
Or like that gentle Anah ! who of old,  
Watched thus, her angel lover to behold.

And then I hear a voice float softly round,  
In tones of such entrancing melody,  
Its liquid sweetness makè's the heart to bound,  
And every nerve to thrill with extacy ;  
And glances, like a sunbeam from above,  
A form symetrical, where every grace  
Said to adorn the fabled Queen of Love !  
Enraptured, and delighted, do I trace :  
That form so beautiful, that dulcet voice,  
Those eyes, which innocence and love beam through,  
Whose speaking glances, make the soul rejoice,  
That face, those waving curls of dark brown hue,  
Pertain to Her ! I on that night did mark,  
In my lone wanderings, through "Cobham Park !"



## THE HAUNTED WELL.

---

THERE is a sweet secluded dell,  
Which in a frowning ravine ends,  
Where, gushing from a ruin'd Well,  
A fount, its crystal streamlet sends ;  
By steep and rugged banks hemm'd in,  
Just verging on the forest dark,<sup>1</sup>  
So hid in gloom, that scarce the Lynn  
Which down it brawls, one's eye can mark.

The village maidens oft repair,  
To fill their pitchers from the stream,  
But none so bold, would venture there,  
When on it plays the moon's pale beam ;  
For then, 'tis said, that spectres haunt  
The spot, and there their revels hold,  
And many a tale of goblins gaunt,  
By those who dwell around, is told.

As down the Glen I chanced to stray  
One summer's eve, the sun had set,  
Their labour over for the day,  
Three blooming cottage girls had met ;  
And one, with darkly glossy hair,  
And cheeks which mock'd the rose's hue,  
Was dealing forth a Legend rare ;  
Which, as she told, I'll tell to you.

THE LEGEND.

---

You know that old and moss-grown tower,  
Which frowns above our peaceful vale,  
Where,—from his ivy-mantled bower,—  
Hoots the grey Owl to the passing gale.

It stands on a rugged and sea-worn rock,  
Whose base is lash'd by the rushing surge,  
And the waves, as they sing through its caverns, mock  
The ear, with sounds like a funeral dirge.

Years back, in the pride of feudal might,  
There, a stately Castle raised its walls,  
And mirth and revelry, through the night,  
Were echoing heard in its spacious halls.

And a train of Lords and Ladies gay,  
From its portals wide, came forth at morn,  
In glittering, glad, and bright array,  
With Hawk, and Hound, and sounding horn.

To rouse the grim Wolf from his lair,  
And to chace the bounding fallow Deer,  
Or the Falcon, on the fields of air  
To loose, with shout, and jovial cheer.

Full many a gallant Knight was there,  
Whose name long, long, has pass'd away ;  
And many a Dame of beauty rare,  
Whose form has moulder'd to decay.

The Baron, who own'd this wide domain,  
Was Lord of the Hamlet, and many a mile  
Of forest green, and cultured plain,  
Around him peacefully did smile.

Most affable was he, and kind,  
To all who dwelt beneath his sway ;  
Noble in person, as in mind,  
Courteous in speech, in manners gay.

Within his sheltering Castle-gate,  
The wretched e'er protection found,  
And there he dwelt in princely state ;  
Beloved by all the country round.

Obedient to his Monarch's call,  
(Heading a bold, a steel-clad band)  
He left in haste his native hall,  
And bent his steps to the Holy Land !

To lower the haughty Moslem's pride,  
And in religion's cause to bleed ;  
By the gallant "Ceur de Lion's" side,  
Did Sir Hildebrand ! his vassals lead.

Full well in Syria's burning plains,  
He proved his manhood, and his might ;  
And many a song the name retains,  
Of that right true, and valiant Knight.

A sweet and blooming Girl he left,  
Near ten years old, a lovely child !

Who, of a Mother's care bereft,  
Had grown in boundless freedom, wild.

Dress'd in a homely peasant's garb,  
With hat of straw, she wander'd free  
As colt of Araby's wild barb,  
Through her birth-place singing merrily.

Oft has the way-worn traveller stood,  
And listen'd to her cheerful voice,  
Resounding through the silent wood,  
In tones which bade his heart rejoice.

And when she like the frolic fawn,  
Came bounding from the forest glade,  
Chacing across the verdant lawn,  
The fly in dazzling tints array'd ;

He has call'd on Heaven, to bless that child !  
And keep her safe, and free from scath,  
Whose laugh his weariness beguiled,  
Like sunshine glancing o'er his path.

Beauty ! combined with innocence !  
Has ever power the mind to cheer,  
Grief to dispel howe'er intense,  
And glad the way, however drear.

The song ! which to you now I'll sing,  
Was on sweet Emmeline composed  
By One !—a minstrel wandering,—  
Who in her Father's halls reposed.



“ I saw a Child ! a beautiful Child !  
As she roam'd in glee thro' her native wild,  
And her bright blue eye, shone merrily,  
As the beams of the morning sun, which smiled,  
And gilded the trees, which shook in the breeze,  
And a murmuring made, like the melody  
Of Seraphs bright, from the starry height ;  
A creature, she seem'd, all gladness and light.

“ I paused to trace, each cherub grace,  
Which dwelt in her beaming, and guileless face,  
When her laugh broke forth right joyously,  
And the echoes awoke of that silent place ;  
It rang around, like the warbling sound  
Of the lark, when he carols his roundelay,  
With a tremulous trill, all the air did fill,  
And caused every sense with delight to thrill.

“ Oh ! long will that Child ! that innocent Child !  
With the step so light, and the eye so mild,  
A place retain in my memory ;  
Whose laugh my breast of its care beguiled,  
As she stood that morn, 'neath the bending thorn,  
And the ripe berries pluck'd so gleefully ;  
Like a vision of light, she burst on my sight,  
Or a flash from above 'mid the darkness of night.”

But I must onward with my Tale,  
For see ! the shades of evening grey  
Are stealing over hill and dale ;  
And hark ! how mournfully the gale,  
In whispering accents seems to say,  
“ Haste ! maidens, haste ! from hence away.”

'Twas spring-tide when the Baron spread,  
His 'broider'd pennon to the breeze ;  
Brown summer came, then autumn red,  
Then sear'd, and leafless, stood the trees.

Winter had pass'd, again came spring,  
The streams released from icy chains,  
Flowed through the meadows murmuring,  
And smiling verdure clothed the plains.

The warder from his turret high,  
Kept heedful watch, from morn 'till night,  
No messenger could he espy,  
With tidings of the absent Knight.

Deserted was the banquet hall,  
Deserted was the Lady's bower ;  
No Steed was seen within the stall,  
No blazon'd flag stream'd from the tower.

No sound was heard, save when did sweep  
Through the long corridors, the gale,  
Breaking the silence stern and deep,  
With banging door, or rattling mail.

Or when, re-echoing round, arose  
The Stag-Hound's wildly mournful howl ;  
Or waked by fancied coming foes,  
The Ban-Dog's deep impatient growl.

Upon his perch the Falcon slept,  
Soil'd were his plumes and jesses gay,

He pined to sweep, as once he swept,  
And struck to earth the swift-wing'd prey.

The Heron rested in the brake,  
The Fawn was grazing peacefully,  
The Wild-Fowl skimm'd the glassy lake,  
In undisturbed security.

Thus pass'd three long, long, years away,  
And now upon the village green,  
The may-pole, deck'd with ribbands gay,  
And Flora's offerings, was seen.

The Lads and Maids assembled were,  
Pour'd out the dwellers of each cot  
In the festivity to share,  
All griefs were for a space forgot ;

Save by one Matron, who apart  
Sat mournfully, immersed in tears,  
Which told the anguish of her heart,  
An anguish unappeased by years.

In infancy's unconsciousness,  
A smiling girl beside her play'd,  
A sturdy boy stood motionless,  
And anxiously her face survey'd.

Her husband to the wars had gone,  
He was the Baron's trusty squire,  
And now the boy, her eldest born,  
Did thus, her sorrow's cause enquire.

“ Say, dearest Mother ! why you weep,  
Nor join like others in the dance ?  
Why ’neath the o’er-shadowing boughs you keep,  
While brightly round the sun-beams glance ?

“ I long to bound across the mead,  
And chase the Swallows as they fly,  
Now skimming low with lightning’s speed,  
Now rising in the azure sky.

“ I long to pluck the daisies fair,  
And golden butter-cups, to twine  
A wreath for sister Mary’s hair,  
And one dear Mother ! too for thine,

“ Oh ! I could shout for very glee,  
All nature looks so gay and bright ;  
But mother ! when I turn to thee,  
The tears will rise, and dim my sight.

“ For thou, indeed, dost seem so sad,  
And sighest, as thine heart would break,  
Do smile, and make thy Henry glad,  
Pray ! pray ! this gloomy shade forsake.

“ Oh lift me up, that I may kiss  
Those tears from off thy pallid cheek ;  
Weep not on such a day as this,  
Mother ! dear mother ! wont you speak ?

“ Come let us join the festive throng,  
Hark ! to their laughter’s merry peals,

And now they sing the May-Queen's song,  
How sweetly on the air it steals."

### THE VILLAGER'S SONG.

---

" Oh come to the gay village-green,  
To thy rustic throne blooming with May,  
The cottage-maids look for their Queen,  
And the children with flowers strew the way!  
Then come to the gay village-green,  
And our sports with thy presence grace,  
Come! come! bright, and beautiful Queen,  
Nay, turn not away thy sweet face.

" Who, for beauty, with thee can compare?  
Whose eyes shine so brightly as thine?  
What can equal the flow of thy hair?  
And the grace of that form so divine?  
Nay, blush not sweet Maiden! or ween,  
That flattery dwells in my voice,  
Thou art chosen the May-Flower's Queen!  
And well dost thou merit the choice."

---

" Look! Mother look! who comes this way?  
How tired, and way-worn does he seem,  
His hat adorned with shells, and grey  
His mantle loosely round does stream.

" He sinks into the proffer'd seat,  
Faint with fatigue he sinks, and now  
The standing drops of toil and heat,  
They wipe from off his furrow'd brow.

The stranger was a Palmer, who  
Had journey'd from the Holy Land !  
And through the vale the tidings flew,  
That,—of the Baron, and his band,—

Not one remain'd alive to tell,  
How,—in a narrow mountain pass,—  
Into an ambuscade they fell,  
And were cut down like summer-grass.

The Palmer said that he had been,  
In earlier years the Baron's friend ;  
And oft he paused the tale between,  
While grief his breast did seem to rend.

“ Mourn ! mourn ! ” said he, “ for you have lost,  
The kindest Lord, and bravest Knight,  
That ever ruled, or weapon cross'd,  
With foemen on the field of fight.”

“ Let sounds of woe be heard throughout,  
The boundaries of this wide domain ;  
With sable hang those halls about,  
Mourn ! mourn ! your benefactor's slain.”

“ Hie to the convent, hie with speed,  
Tell them the solemn dirge to ring ;  
And back,—these characters to read,—  
A holy Friar, I pray thee bring.”

And then from 'neath his vest he took  
A scroll, with writing cover'd o'er.

Such as is traced on many a book  
Of mystery, and monkish lore.

“My friends!” he said, “this scroll contains,  
The last bequest of him ! who late  
Was Lord, of these wide spreading plains,  
Cut off by stern relentless fate.”

“He was the bravest, and the best,  
Of those who in the camp did dwell ;  
And when he laid his lance in rest,  
Fear-stricken fled the infidel.”

“His war-cry sounded loud and clear,  
Amid the battle’s fierce alarms ;  
No Paladin, or Frankish Peer,  
Could equal him for deeds of arms,”

“In quest of knightly enterprise,  
He sallied forth at break of day,  
While slumber seal’d the army’s eyes,  
Which ’camp’d before Jerusalem lay.”

“He roused his followers from their sleep,  
And girding tight his trusty brand,  
On to his noble Steed did leap,  
And bounded o’er the waste of sand.”

“At night his tents were empty still,  
We look’d for him, but look’d in vain ;  
Unheard his trumpet from the hill,  
Unseen his pennon on the plain.”

“Next morn, a scout the tidings brought,  
That in a mountainous defile,  
Lay in his gore, the Knight we sought,  
Lured thither by the Moslem’s guile.”

“Then many a vow was sent on high  
Of vengeance, on the Paynim foe!  
Each leader donn’d his panoply,  
And forth the cavaleade did go.”

“The way our noble Monarch led,  
For well Sir Hildebrand he loved,  
A silence deep as of the dead,  
Told how, with grief, each heart was moved.”

“We reach’d the spot, where met our view  
A sight of horror, mangled forms,  
Did thicken the fatal pass bestrew,  
As sear’d leaves after autumn storms.”

“Like Hornets crush’d within their shell,  
Around the mail-clad Warriors lay;  
While fragments,—from above which fell,—  
Choked up the narrow gloomy way.”

“From hands unseen on every side,  
It seem’d, had sped the shafts of death;  
And horse, and rider, there had died,  
As smitten by the Simoon’s breath.”

“Known by his plume and scarf alone,  
(By bodies thickly compass’d round)



Beneath a mighty mass of stone,  
At length, Sir Hildebrand we found."

"We bore him out sore sorrowing,  
And where a towering-palm does wave,  
And gushes forth a crystal spring,  
Deep in the sand we dug his grave."

"The gore-stain'd banner, was his pall,  
And when we there his form had laid,  
Unto his brave retainers all,  
The rites of sepulture we paid."

"Then rose amid the solitude,  
Our voices, in the requiem blent,  
And then, as men by grief subdued,  
Our backward steps we slowly bent."

"Reaching the camp, I earnest sought,  
(Within his now deserted tent)  
The parchment scroll, whereon was wrought,  
Your Chieftain's latest testament."

"For oft, he had requested me,  
Should death in Syria lay him low,  
With it, in haste to cross the sea,  
That you his last behest might know."

"Your Lord and I as brothers were,  
I've known him from his earliest years,  
Each joy, each grief, with him did share,  
But see! the learned Priest appears."

The will was open'd,—read aloud,  
And o'er the Stranger's swarthy face,  
Like lightning, bursting from a cloud,  
A smile play'd for a moment's space.

For he ! was named the Baron's heir,  
Lord of the vale, and forest green,  
And guardian of that Child so dear,  
The gentle Lady Emmeline !

Well, time pass'd on, the Stranger Lord,  
Assumed the old baronial rites ;  
Again was spread the festive board,  
In revelry consumed the nights.

But not as it was wont to be,  
No Dames, and Cavaliers, were seen,  
But those, who form'd that company,  
Were men of dark and ruffian mien.

And when they'd quaff'd, the spicy draught,  
Until their reasoning powers had fled,  
'Twas thus "who arm'd the deadly shaft ?  
Who roll'd the rocks from overhead ?"

Then oaths broke forth, and hints obscure,  
Were bandied round in drunken glee,  
Which told of hearts and hands impure,  
In bloodshed steep'd, and infamy.

Yet not at once, was thrown aside  
The specious covering, for awhile

The Stranger sought his crimes to hide,  
Beneath a bland, and winning smile.

But when the breast is foul within,  
Not long that foulness is concealed;  
The Ethiope cannot change his skin,  
And murder's stain *will* be reveal'd.

The old domestics left those halls,  
Where they from childhood up, had trod,  
Heighten'd and strengthen'd, were the walls,  
Defied alike was man, and God.

More bold and numerous became,  
The Robber's fierce and bloody band;  
'Till wide was spread his dreaded name,  
But retribution was at hand.

One stormy night, with furious sweep,  
The north-blast howl'd the turrets round,  
And thro' those caverns vast and deep,  
The surges rush'd, with deafning sound.

The whispers of remorse to drown,  
The Robbers drained the maddening cup;  
When sudden, wall and floor sunk down,  
And in the abyss were swallow'd up.

Not one escaped, at midnight's hour  
Was heard their wild despairing yell;  
And nought, but yon lone moss-grown tower,  
Remains, the dreadful tale to tell.

You ask me of that beauteous Child!

Amid these changes, how fared she?

Still dwelt she in the forest wild?

Still rested 'neath the green-wood tree?

She did, and better loved to roam

By gliding stream, and purling rill;

Than tarry in her stately home,

Where menials waited on her will.

And she had grown a graceful Girl,

Her stature, for her age, was tall;

And unconfined each golden curl,

Did o'er her well-formed shoulders fall.

Her brow was white as driven-snow,

But, sun-embrown'd, her dimpled cheek,

With health's rich tints did brightly glow,

Her blue eyes, innocence did speak.

And oft, she'd anxiously enquire,

In castle hall, and humble cot,

For tidings of her absent Sire,

Which proved he had not been forgot.

All loved the Lady Emmeline!

And she it was, who on that day,

When first the Stranger-Lord was seen,

Sat throned and crown'd, the Queen of May.

And when the direful news she heard,

Her rosy cheek grew deadly pale,

And eagerly she drank each word,  
Of the well-fabricated tale.

Silent, she heard it to the end,  
Like one who listens to a dream;  
Then low her lovely head did bend,  
While fast and free, the tears did stream.

But when the Stranger, from his seat  
Arose, and came with outstretch'd hand,  
And her, his future ward, did greet,  
In accents mildly soft, and bland.

She started from her rustic throne,  
"Approach me not" she shuddering said,  
"A feeling, hitherto unknown,  
Fills all my breast, with doubt and dread."

"I never look'd on man before,  
And deem'd him other than a friend,  
But thou art not, for there is gore!  
Upon the hand thou dost extend."

"I cannot take that proffer'd hand,  
I cannot bear to meet thine eye,  
A mangled form! there seems to stand  
Between, and bids me contact fly."

"Oh! ask me not to go with thee,  
Or I with terror, shall expire;  
Still let me roam the forest free,  
No lands or wealth will I desire."

“ Well Maiden, well,” he answer made,  
“ I would not thwart thy Father’s Child !  
Dwell still within the forest glade,  
Be still a lovely Wood-Nymph wild.”

“ Yet e’er thou goest I would fain,  
Exchange with thee the kiss of peace ;  
Banish those fancies from thy brain,  
Come, shy one ! let thy tremblings cease.”

“ What still mine enemy ? well, well,  
Thou’lt know me better by-and-by,  
So for the present, fare-thee-well !  
I’ll not intrude, thy covert nigh.”

The Maiden sought her forest bower,  
Her bower beneath the hawthorn green ;  
But never, never, from that hour,  
Her form so beautiful was seen.

Her voice, which happiness exprest,  
Re-echoed through the woods no more ;  
No more, a gladly-welcomed guest,  
She pass’d the cottage threshold o’er.

’Tis said that shrieks were heard that night,  
Upon the gale, so shrill and clear,  
Filling the breasts with wild affright,  
Of those, who dwelt the forest near.

Her favourite spot was this lone dell,  
Here would she pass the noon-tide hours ;

Beside this very ruin'd Well,  
In twining wreaths of summer-flowers.

And here, when night the scene o'ercast,  
She slept within a narrow space,  
Which, 'tis supposed, in ages past,  
Had been a hermit's resting place.

'Twas then arch'd o'er with sculptured stone,  
With many a quaint device enwrought;  
And save this Maiden fair alone,  
To linger near, none ever sought.

For even then, strange tales of blood,  
Were told of this secluded spot,  
Which in the ever rolling flood  
Of time, have long since been forgot.

And when they sought the country round,  
Some tidings of her fate to gain,  
Beside this Well, her hat was found,  
And on the grass a gory stain.

Then rose, within the searcher's breast,  
Conviction strong, the lovely Maid,  
For feelings openly exprest,  
A deadly forfeiture had paid.

And ever since, when moon-beams bright,  
Are glancing on the crystal tide,  
'Tis said a figure clothed in white,  
Like her's, does thro' the green-wood glide.

---

The Maiden ceased, and now a scream  
Broke shrilly from the startled three,  
For clearly, by the bright moon-beam,  
A form advancing could they see ;  
Like startled deer, two swiftly fled,  
But she, who did the tale relate,  
Overcome by terror, lay as dead,  
In motionless, and senseless state.

I hasten'd from my hiding place,  
I raised her from the dewy sward,  
And sprinkling water on her face,  
Returning life, did soon reward  
My efforts, from her opening eyes,  
A timid doubting glance she threw,  
Which changed to one of glad surprise,  
For her supporter well she knew.

And like the eastern sky at morn,  
Blush'd rosy red her blooming cheek,  
Meanwhile the Ghost ! a milk-white Fawn !  
To quench its thirst the spring did seek.  
I laugh'd her idle fears away,  
We left the dingle side-by-side.  
To-morrow is my wedding-day,  
Reader ! canst guess, who'll be the Bride ?





## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

### THE DREAM.

---

EACH denizen of air hath sought its nest,  
The cloister-loving bat, has gone to rest,  
The humming beetle, home hath winged its flight,  
Which heralds in the dreary hours of night,  
And brooding darkness covers all around  
A sombre pall, inscrutably profound,  
Shrouds now the landscape, mingling hill and dale,  
Hidden alike, broad lake and river lies  
And leafy forest, from whose depths arise,  
Sounds, which proclaim the fast increasing gale.

The faint ray of the sickly moon, is seen  
But for a moment, quickly intervene,  
The ebon clouds, which through the realms of space,  
Like legions of dark spirits, urge the chace;  
In heavy broken masses, on they press,  
Hiding the blue vault's star-gemm'd loveliness;  
The bird of night, shrieks from his ivy bower,  
While borne upon the breeze, is heard the howl  
Of the gaunt wolf, which from his den doth prowls,  
And wakes the echoes of the moss-grown tower.

Now, from his dark retreat, the robber steals  
In search of plunder ; pausing, lo ! he feels  
The edge of his keen dagger, soon to drink  
The life's blood of his victim ; on the brink  
Of the rude precipice, which juts far o'er  
The ocean's waters, where, with deaf'ning roar,  
They rush the caverns through, up wildly streams,  
    With ruddy glare, the warning watch-tower's light,  
    The storm-tost sailor, views it with affright,  
As far and wide, it o'er the white foam gleams.

Well does he know that place has been the grave  
Of thousands, who beneath the whelming wave,  
(Which furious rushes on the rock-bound coast)  
Have perished, and their bones, a ghastly host,  
Lie, far, far down, to monsters dire a prey,  
Where sounding plummet never found its way ;  
He sees their danger, but in vain he strives,  
    To urge his vessel past the fatal spot,  
    The whirlpool sucks her, to the "Mermaid's Grot,"  
That place of sure destruction, on she drives.

She strikes ! the riven timbers with a crash  
Are scattered o'er the waves, which furious dash,  
And foam in horrid mockery around,  
On the night-gale their shrieks for help resound,  
Vain are those cries, no human aid is near,  
Gradual they die away, and silence drear  
Again resumes her sway, of all that band,  
    That enterprising band, who left their home,  
    In search of glory, o'er the seas to roam,  
Not one, will e'er regain his native land.

Cold, cold, in death they lie, the roaring surge,  
And howling winds, ring out their funeral dirge;  
Vainly their friends, will look for their return,  
The hearts which beat for them in vain will yearn,  
And cheeks will blanch with sorrow, still the cry  
Will be, "they come not," tears will dim the eye,  
And hope deferred,—that sickness of heart

Which gnaws the vitals, saps the soul away,  
And urges on a premature decay,—  
Will, to the mourner's face, death's hue impart.

At length perchance the wave may bring to light,  
Some floating relic of this fatal night,  
Thus realizing all their direst fears,  
And the grief-stricken watcher, when she hears  
Her lover's—husband's fate, will eager greet  
The grave, as, from her woes, a blest retreat:  
But hark! from whence does sound that deep-toned bell,  
It thrills and vibrates on the startled ear,  
Breaking the stillness, sonorous and clear,  
It must be, yes! it is the Sailor's Knell!

How awfully impressive is that sound,  
Amid the voiceless silence so profound,  
Which, save by that, holds undisputed sway,  
As though all human life had past away:  
Now o'er the mind reigns superstition's power,  
Peopling with ghastly shapes the midnight hour,  
Loud swells the strain, peal quickly follows peal,  
With din astounding, and do now arise,  
Shrieks, yells terrific, and discordant cries,  
While meteors flash, and spectral forms reveal..

What horrid Phantom breaks upon my sight,  
Curdling my blood, with horror and affright?  
What grinning Fiend, is it before me stands?  
Fleshless, and hueless, are the face and hands,  
The eye-balls glare, and light the skinny face,  
Most Demon-like, with slow and noiseless pace,  
It steals through the apartment, from the hearth  
The burning faggot does a red light send,  
But on the form, no shadow does attend;  
Aerial it seems, oh God! that dreadful laugh!

The Spectre pauses, now it turns again  
And glares upon me, wildly throbs my brain,  
Each nerve and sinew, seems as though 'twould crack;  
Strange noises fill my ear, back! Demon back!  
Approach me not! I start, and starting break,  
The slumber which enwrapt me, now awake,  
I gaze around, the moon with her pale beam,  
Emerges from the clouds, dispells the gloom,  
And pours a flood of rich light through the room,  
No Ghost is there, thank God! 'twas but a Dream!



AN INVOCATORY ODE.

---

SHAKE off thy lethargy, my Lyre !  
Awake ! or be for ever mute,  
Deign, O Apollo ! to inspire  
My tuneless soul with harmony,  
That, as my trembling fingers fly  
Across the strings,  
On zephyr's wings  
Be borne a tide of melody,  
Entrancing rich, and sweet ;  
Such as from out the dark retreat  
Of Hades, drew Eurydice,  
When Orpheus, breathed upon the lute,  
At whose soft sound,  
Were all around  
To listening silence hush'd ;  
E'en tortured spirits ceased to moan,  
Nor longer felt the gnawing pain,  
And forms inanimate of stone,  
With trees, danced nimbly o'er the plain,  
While waterfalls, which gush'd  
Adown the steeps with deaf'ning din,  
Did pause their rocky beds within,  
And beasts of prey, grown meek and tame,  
From out their darksome caverns came.

Ye sacred Nine !—who dwell above  
In bright Parnassian bowers,—  
Descend ! descend !  
And to me lend  
A portion of your powers ;  
Give to my speech an energy divine,  
That like a gliding stream, on which does shine  
Sol's golden beam,  
My song may seem,  
Fraught with the joys of summer hours :  
And grant, O youthful God of Love !  
A pinion from thy radiant wing,  
First deign to dip  
Its downy tip,  
In some pure Heliconic spring,  
That, as I sip,  
From off my lip  
The cadences may smoothly slip  
As when upon Arcadia's plains,  
Delphicus, in disguise did stray,  
And sang, unto the sportive trains  
Of swains, and shepherdesses gay,  
A strain replete with bliss, and pleasure,  
A gladsome, glee-diffusing measure !

Come Echo ! from thy secret cell,  
Thy lonesome, deep retreat,  
From whence full oft thy mocking shell,  
The listening ear does greet ;  
Thou ever heard, but never seen,  
Whether thou dost in forests green,  
With Satyrs, Fauns, and Dryads dwell,  
Or by the Naiad-haunted rill,

On sloping side of heathery hill,  
Where Fairies dance the midnight sound,  
And Elves in Lunæ's soft beams bound,  
With magic shouts of revelry ;  
Whether thou on the gale dost fly,  
Or hid'st in caverns under ground  
Where swarthy Gnomes the anvils ply :

My strains repeat,  
Take up ! take up ! each dying fall,  
And each expiring note, recall  
From the embrace of silence drear,  
'Till vibrates all the vaulted sphere  
'Till o'er the earth,  
And o'er the deep,  
The sounds of mirth,  
Do loudly sweep.

That far and wide, the name may ring,  
Of her ! for whom I wake the string,  
Who to my soul, is as the "green retreat"  
The "oasis" in life's sterile wilderness  
The one bright spot,  
Where storms come not,  
Which, does the wanderer, gladly greet,  
When overcome by weariness :  
And but for whom had, still unstrung,  
My wild harp on the bough remain'd  
These uncouth rhymes had ne'er been sung,  
'Twere better had I e'en restrain'd  
The feelings of my heart, for she,  
Is all too bright, for one like me,  
Whose life is like to be a scene,  
Far, far, from peaceful, and serene ;

'Tis wrong, most blameable, I know,  
Thus, like a blight to cross her way,  
And could I but subdue the glow  
Of love, which all my soul does sway,  
But no ! ye gloomy doubts disperse,  
On themes like these, I will not think,  
No more will dark forebodings nurse,  
Lest to despondency I sink.

Fill up ! fill up !  
The sparkling cup !  
Come Bacchus ! with thy jovial throng,  
From Ida's spicy groves among,  
Come, come, with vine-leaves crown'd ;  
And Laughter ! let thy peals resound,  
Come Mirth ! with all thy gleeful crew,  
Flora ! with flowers the scene bestrew,  
Thy fruits Ponomia ! bring,  
Fresh from the bough, while yet the dew  
Does to them cling ;  
And bounteous Ceres ! be thou near, /  
Wave over head the golden ear  
Of yellow grain ;  
And by her side oh take your stand,  
Glad Peace ! and Plenty ! hand-in-hand !  
Come all ye train  
Of Gods ! from high Olympus' mount,  
And Nymph's ! from Thessaly's clear fount,  
Whose white feet glance,  
As ye joyous dance  
To the pipe and tabor's sound,  
When Hesper flingeth his rays afar,  
And Dian mounts her silver car.



Come Hebe! ever young and fair,  
Ever blooming, ever gay,  
Ever blithe, and debonair,  
Child of light, and life, and air,  
Youth, which cannot pass away;  
Glittering as the salt-sea spray,  
As it brightly gleams  
In the orient beams,  
Cast by the rising God of Day;  
Fragrant as flowers in May,  
When the breezes bland  
Of a sunny land,  
Thro' their leaves, at dewy eve-tide stray.  
Cup-bearer to mighty Jove,  
Dweller in the realms on high,  
Goddess, formed for joy and love,  
Endowed with immortality,  
From whom all fell disorders fly,  
With whom remain  
No care, or pain;  
Descend! from out yon starry sky,  
Descend! to earth,  
Diffusing mirth,  
Oh! hear a suppliant mortal's cry.

Ye Sylphs!—whose home is boundless space,  
Whose flight we vainly seek to trace;  
Beings bright!  
As thistle-down light,  
In whom is nought material,  
But like the soul, etherial,—  
Oh! make her your peculiar care,  
Watch o'er her in the hours of night.

And from her downy pillow scare  
All phantoms that affright ;  
Let not a vision wild or rude,  
Upon her balmy sleep intrude,  
But bright and blissful be her dreams,  
Of flowery meads, meandering streams,  
And cloudless skies serene,  
With pleasure fraught, and happiness ;  
And may her waking hours no less,  
Pass 'mid a gladsome scene,  
A scene, to look upon and bless ;  
Oh ! may her life,  
Be free from strife,  
Ne'er may she know,  
One hour of woe,  
Ne'er feel afflictions bitterness.

Cease, cease, old Time ! to turn thy glass,  
Relax thy features in a smile,  
Ye winged Hours ! less quickly pass,  
Here pause awhile,  
And join the glad festivity ;  
And thou inexorable Death !  
Approach not, with thy blighting breath  
The scene to mar ;  
Discord ! and Hate ! and Jealousy !  
Keep, keep afar,  
Go seek some more congenial spot,  
Here, all dark passions are forgot :  
War ! turn thy chariot aside,  
For here does Peace, reign paramount,  
Dark scowling Envy ! fiery Pride !  
Not here, your tales recount.

Back Murder ! to the lonely glen,  
Rapine, and Bloodshed, wait thee there,  
Go howling Madness ! to thy den,  
There rend thy fetters, tear thine hair,  
Call on thy brother grim Despair,  
With Superstition, who does dwell,  
And Bigotry, and brooding Care,  
Within the gloomy cloister's cell.

But oh ! ye white-robed gentle race,  
Of Virtues ! hither come,  
Her bosom make thy resting place,  
Her guileless heart, thy home ;  
It is a temple worthy thee,  
So undefiled, from sin so free :

E'er let as now  
Her polished brow,  
Thine impress bear, O Innocence !  
Beam from her eye  
Meek Modesty !

Truth ! guide the reins of eloquence ;  
Come one !—come all !—come every grace !

A halo round her shed,  
That gazing on her angel face,  
Thy presence there be read.  
As the Nautilus glides  
O'er the slumbering tides,  
With a scarcely-perceptible motion,  
May of life, her boat,  
Down the current float,  
Of eternity's wide ocean,  
May Health, and all blessings, her progress attend,  
And calm may she rest, when her voyage shall end.

Delia ! for thee I now invoke,  
The powers of harmony divine,  
A lowly suppliant at their shrine,  
I bow my knee, in trembling awe,  
As near the sacred spot I draw,  
And wish that abler hands than mine,  
Had struck the clouds, and waked the Lay,  
In honour of thy Natal Day !  
Oh ! for thy voice, Euripides !  
That voice which in old Delos broke  
The silence, when each whisp'ring breeze,  
Was with the dulcet tones so fraught,  
Which to the raptured spirit spoke,  
And with its burning fervour caught,  
And in Elysium lapped each sense ;  
With bliss, and extacy intense,  
The glad soul fill'd,  
Though all unskill'd,  
To pour along  
The tide of song,  
Though faint my voice, and weak my hand,  
And accents flow not at command,  
Believe me, dearest ! ne'er was pour'd,  
By Bard of old, to one adored,  
A strain so fraught with purest love,  
So free from aught of art or guile,  
As this ! from one, who far above  
All blessings, values thy bright smile.



ODE TO ECHO.

---

SWEET mocking spirit! tell me where,  
Thou hid'st from human ken;  
Is it within the wild-Boar's lair,  
Some deep and murky den,  
Within the leafy forest glade,  
Where all is darkness, gloom, and shade?

Or is it in some cavern hoar,  
With glittering spars hung round,  
Re-bellowing to the Ocean's roar,  
That thou art to be found?  
Where huge Sea Monsters hold their court,  
And Dolphins gay, and Mermaids sport.

Or dost thou dare dispute the sway  
Of silence grim, within some nook  
Of gothic ruins, old and grey,  
Long, long, by man forsook;  
Where every footstep, as it falls,  
Reverberates through the vaulted halls?

I hear thy babbling voice reply  
Unto the sounding horn,

And yell of Hounds, and Hunter's cry,  
When forth I shall at morn ;  
Perplexing much the timid Deer,  
Who deem, at once *two* hunts they hear.

And then at noon, just where those rocks  
O'erhang the pebbly beach,  
I listen to thy voice, which mocks  
The wheeling Sea-Mew's screech ;  
And murmuring melody of waves,  
Resounding through those slimy caves.

But when the blue serene above,  
Is gemm'd with twinkling stars,  
When every sound speaks peace and love,  
And all is hush'd, which mars  
The calm that steals upon the mind,  
And worldly care leaves far behind.

Oh ! then, oh ! then, tis my delight,  
Within yon ruined pile  
To stand, and view the chequer'd light  
Glance on the fretted aisle ;  
Cast by the bright moon's silvery beam,  
Which through the moss-grown arch does stream.

Then does thy voice inspire the soul,  
Like accents of the dead,  
And causes through the breast to roll  
Visions of those long fled ;  
While every marble form, seems *rife*  
With motion, starting into life.

And as the night-breeze softly sighs  
The cloistered walks among,  
The whispering sounds, that thence arise,  
Thou dost in sport prolong;  
As though, from out each dark retreat,  
Spectres did there in conclave meet.

The Owl's shrill cry, the noise of wings,  
Which flit athwart the gloom,  
And every other sound that rings  
Around the silent tomb;  
Are on that dim, and hallowed ground,  
Repeated oft, from depths profound.

On mountain's top, in flowery dell,  
Or by the glassy lake,  
If I my voice do raise, thy shell  
Does mimic music make;  
Returning to my well-pleased ear,  
The tones sent forth, distinctly clear.

The torrent with its stunning dim,  
The brook which brawls its way,  
The calm, and peaceful vale within,  
Alike confess thy sway:  
Then tell me, sweet, mysterious power!  
Where is thy secret, hiding bower?



## ODE TO THE LARK.

---

ON feathery pinions borne through realms of space,  
Sweet Bird! thou soarest in the ethery way,  
And at thy Heavenly Maker's dwelling place,  
Thou pourest forth thy tributary lay,  
Ere yet Aurora's glowing tints we trace,  
Or young-eyed dawn, has brightened into day,

Thy warbling strains, so tremulously clear,  
As on the mountain's top I take my stand,  
Strike in my listening, and ravished ear,  
Like seraph's voices from a far-off land;  
A land all brightness, void of gloom or fear,  
Sheltered by a supreme all-powerful hand.

'Tis sweet to cast each worldly care aside,  
To give the reins to fancy, and to soar  
'Mid heights sublime, on winged clouds to ride,  
Alighting on that dim, and distant shore,  
Laved by an ever-flowing balmy tide  
Of love divine, where woe is felt no more.

The soul, like thee! unfettered loves to cleave  
The interminable void, with upward spring,



Like thee! this cold and selfish world to leave,  
And off the cumberous load of clay to fling,  
Which binds it here below, and thus relieve  
Itself of gross alloys, which round it cling.

No sound is heard, save thy sweet melody,  
Which faintly floats upon the morning-gale,  
While all around is dim obscurity,  
Thick mists, enveloping the smiling vale,  
In masses of grey vapour, and the eye,  
Does vainly try to pierce the envious veil.

Anon the dappled east, begins to glow  
With roseate tints, by golden Phœbus shed,  
Bright, and more glorious, they each moment grow,  
'Till all the sky's with crimson hue bespread;  
Which onward, like a sea of flame does flow,  
And casts a dazzling radiance over head.

This fades away, and the refulgent sun,  
Does now upon the horizon's verge appear,  
Prepared his daily course of light to run,  
The darkness of this nether world to cheer;  
His gloom-dispelling beams, the vapours shun,  
And rolling upward, gradual disappear.

Now what a scene does burst upon the sight,  
The scattered hamlet, with its gliding stream,  
Which through the grassy meads with flowers bedight,  
Meandering, does like molten silver seem;  
The eye excursive roams in rich delight,  
O'er prospects, which with varied beauties teem.

Now does the Cock's shrill clarion awake  
The drowsy Peasant, starting from his sleep,  
He hies him to the fields, and soon does break,  
The anvils clang, reverberating deep  
The vale along; all living things do shake  
Their slumbers off, and into motion leap.

The low of Kine, the fleecy charge's bleat,  
And all the varied sounds of rural life,  
Arise from out that peaceful calm retreat,  
While, mellowed by the distance, the shrill fife,  
And trumpet's martial call, the ear does greet,  
Telling of war, where all is free from strife.

The busy hum of the full City, now  
Mingles with these, recalling to my mind,  
That I must hasten from the mountain's brow,  
And through the vale, my footsteps homeward wind,  
To join the dull routine, and study how,  
I best may act, the part to me assigned.

Sing on, sweet aerial voyager! thy strain,  
A soothing calm has o'er my spirit cast,  
Has eased it of a load of woe and pain,  
Has taught me to be thankful for the past,  
And for the future murmuring to restrain,  
Trusting in One! wise, as his power is vast.



## SONNETS.

HOW beautiful is Morn! when all's serene,  
A quiet undisturbed! a blest repose!  
Ere yet the pearly east with purple glows,  
Or Sol invests the sky with golden sheen;  
When vapoury mists around are wreathing seen,  
In changing shapes fantastic, as the gale  
Sweeps softly sighing o'er the hidden vale,  
And waves the grass which clothes the hill-tops green:  
Then is the fevered spirit soothed to rest,  
There is no extacy, no wild delight,  
No mingling of emotions in the breast  
But calm and clear, each thought does wing its flight,  
Unto the throne of Him, who dwells above,  
And all is bliss, and peace, and holy love.

How beautiful is Noon! there is a hush,  
But 'tis not like the morn, for now is heard  
The drowsy hum of insect,—song of bird,  
Which float upon the sultry air; the gush  
Of the vexed streamlet, which does brawling rush  
Adown the pebbly steep, and sparkling gleams,  
As in it play the sun's meridian beams,  
Not soft and mild, as when they first did blush  
In roseate tints along the orient sky,  
But dazzlingly intense: then has the mind  
Cast off its freshness, and its purity,  
Has mingled with the world, and then we find  
A solace from our cares and woes in sleep,  
Which every sense does in oblivion steep.

How beautiful is Eve ! ere the last ray  
Of radiant light from off the hills does pass ;  
When both the forest trees, and waving grass,  
Are tinged with golden hues, and far away  
In the dim west, are gathered vapours grey,  
Which seem as floating in a sea of light,  
While through them beams of gorgeous lustre bright  
Stream, and o'er all the blue horizon play :  
There is in contemplation of this hour  
A joy tumultuous, and the spirit feels,  
As it to soar above possess'd the pow'r,  
And o'er the rapt imagination steals  
A tide of rich, intoxicating thought,  
With feelings deep, and undefined fraught.

How beautiful is Night ! when to the eye  
The realms of space, so boundless and immense,  
Assume a deeper hue, a blue intense ;  
When thickly strewn like gems, the stars on high  
Flash out their rays, some fixed, some quiveringly,  
And meteors brightly glance, then disappear,  
Like the ambitious warrior's mad career,  
Soon quenched in clouds of deep obscurity :  
Then as we gaze, an awe unspeakable  
Comes stealing o'er the mind, and visions wild,  
Of dark astrology within do swell ;  
Then float soft strains of music, and beguiled  
By fancy, voices whisper in our ears,  
Our fates are woven with those burning spheres.



## PLATONIC LOVE.

THERE is a Love, with deepest fervour fraught,  
A sacred tie, uniting soul to soul,  
O'er which no sensual passion has controul;  
A holy fire, from Heaven's high altar caught,  
Youth—beauty—to this pure flame are as nought,  
Save youthfulness, and freshness of the mind,  
From whence emotions flow, deep, undefined,  
And loveliness, which dwells but in the thought;  
A beauty spiritual, by art untaught,  
Which gives to view each bright imagining,  
Clear as the jets which from a fountain spring,  
Sparkling as drops, by petrefaction wrought  
To adamant hardness, as they cling,  
Where, through some sparry grot, the waves are murmuring.

It is a Love, which no estrangment knows,  
Defying time and space, while life remains,  
Whate'er it pleasures, or whate'er it pains,  
That sacred flame within the breast still glows,  
And o'er the world's dull path a halo throws,  
Whose guiding ray, from wandering restrains,  
And with its power, each passion dark enchains:  
When does an alabaster vase enclose  
A naphtha lamp, it on the scene bestows,  
A chastened beam, which penetrates each spot  
With its mild lustre, lights, but dazzles not;  
As *that* the darkness dissipates our woes,  
Are in the indulgence of this Love, forgot,  
We cease to think of clouds, which shadow o'er our lot.

It is a Love, with which nought mean or base  
Can ever mingle, deep, though passionless,  
And little understood by those who press,  
Onward in folly's enervating chace,  
Who, so their idol hath a lovely face,  
—A beauteous form, find joy in her caress,  
And care not, so the eye desire express,  
The thoughts which dwell within her breast, to trace,  
Though it be foul, as is a burial place,  
With vices, as with noisome weeds, o'ergrown,  
Where rank Corruption, has usurped the throne  
Of meek-eyed Modesty, from whence the race,  
Of gentle Virtues have affrighted flown,  
And where, by Passions dark, each barrier's overthrown.

It is a Love, which only those can feel  
Of nobler nature, who aside have cast,  
All grovelling desires, and who have past,  
Without contamination, the ordeal  
Of joys delusive, which the senses steal,  
And cling full oft, unto the spirit fast,  
In the rough passage o'er life's ocean vast;  
It breaks of bright futurity the seal,  
And to our better feelings does appeal.  
Such is the Love, of which, when Greece was young,  
The philosophic Plato! told and sung,  
As he 'mid caverned solitudes did kneel,  
When all inspired, his classic harp he strung,  
And wide throughout the world, the strains melodious  
rung.



## MOI CHERE AMIE.



Moi Chere Amie! to thee I longing turn,  
As turns the traveller o'er the desert wide,  
To the cool gushing spring's pellucid tide,  
So for thy presence does my spirit yearn,  
Within whose deep recesses, does there burn  
A fire unquenchable; although I hide,  
My passion from the world, who would deride,  
Such pure, such deep devotion, though you spurn  
The proffered heart, so solely, wholly yours,  
Thy cherished image there, will e'er remain,  
Mine is a passion which for aye endures,  
'Mid joy, 'mid sorrow, health, or moody pain;  
Life, and its troublous cares, must pass away,  
Ere in my breast, that bright flame can decay.

Moi Chere Amie! I must not call thee by  
A fonder, or a more endearing name,—  
How like a blight, across my fond hopes came  
The knowledge that all vainly did I sigh;  
How oft, when gazing on thy beaming eye,  
Has fancy conjured up an answering flame,  
Shining therefrom, then through my youthful frame,  
What feelings of ecstatic joy did fly;  
Scarce knowing why, I revell'd in delight,  
Like the gay fly in noontide's sunny hour,  
I saw no omen of the coming night,  
Filled was my soul, with love's soft witching power;  
Alas! I can but weep those days now flown,  
That *I* so wretched, *thou* so cold, art grown.

Moi Chere Amie ! and am I then forbid,  
To pour my vows of love into thine ear,  
To tell thee all I hope, and all I fear ?  
But what have I to do with hope ! amid  
My load of disappointments it is hid,—  
Quenched,—gone for ever ; once 'twas brightly clear,  
And as a glancing meteor did appear,  
But like that meteor, o'er a quagmire did  
Evanish, leaving nought but doubt, and gloom,  
From which the sickening soul would gladly fly,  
To seek repose within the silent tomb,  
From this world's ways of dark obliquity :  
But no ! I still must tread the weary round,  
Though merged the path, in darkness so profound.

Moi Chere Amie ! the blissful dream is o'er,  
My heart is now, as is a blasted tree  
Whose leafless branches hang all droopingly ;  
Or as a wreck upon some rock-bound shore,  
Round which the foaming surges, break and roar ;  
Or as a stringless lute whose sounds of glee  
Are hushed for ever, still does unto thee !  
Each aspiration turn,—as it of yore  
Was wont to do,—of this fond faithful heart,  
I cannot tear thy beauteous image thence,  
But must until life's close, endure the smart  
Of love unanswered, fervent, and intense ;  
Oh ! could I plunge in Lethe's fabled stream,  
Then all forgotten might be that fond dream !

Moi Chere Amie ! another soon perchance  
May speak to thee in thrilling tones of love,  
Who happier than I, thine heart may move,



Whose soul like mine, thy beauty does entrance ;  
As unto him you list, let memory glance  
On one ! who worships *thee* all things above,  
Who long has with his hopeless passions strove ;  
On one ! whose foremost wish, was to advance  
Thine happiness, and who to see *thee* blest,  
Though with that other, freely would resign,  
All he possesses, or has e'er possess'd,  
Whose life, whose every thought, is only thine !  
Who though forbid to hope, cannot controul,  
The boundless love for thee, which fills his soul.

Moi Chere Amie ! as to the polar star,  
Which guides him o'er the ocean's pathless way,  
The voyager does adoration pay ;  
As did the eastern Magi, from afar  
Hail the bright beam of promise ; as the car,  
The orient car of Sol,—when breaking day  
Flashes along the east with golden ray,—  
Is hail'd by worshippers of fire ; as are,  
The relics of a saint to devotee ;  
Visions which glance amid the hours of night ;  
So is *thy* form of loveliness to *me*,  
For my possession, much too pure, to bright ;  
Thou seem'st an emanation from on high,  
Making all beautiful, when thou art nigh.

Moi Chere Amie ! when borne upon the gale  
Of dewy eve, the melody so bland,  
Of music meets mine ear, I listening stand,  
And as the Switzer, from his native vale  
Far, far away, in fancy does inhale,  
Again the breezes of his mountain land,

'Mid scenes, where nature looks sublimely grand;  
Again pours forth, of love, his artless tale,  
By Zurich's waters, unto Zurich's maid;  
So listen I again to thy sweet voice,  
The scenes of by gone years are all display'd,  
When in thy smile my young heart did rejoice;  
Ere disappointment came, with withering power,  
To cloud the brightness of that blissful hour.

Moi Chere Amie! think not that I am glad,  
Because my face does often wear a smile;  
'Tis but assumed the cold world to beguile,  
In gayest moments is my heart most sad;  
I would not that the heartless, and the bad,—  
The selfish crowd, so fraught with falsehood's guile,  
And base deceit,—I would not aught so vile,  
Should penetrate my secret, they ne'er had,  
Ne'er entertained a passion half so pure;  
With such a love, they could not sympathize,  
Their only aim and end, is to allure,  
And sin and folly, dress in virtue's guise,  
To mix with *such*, ne'er may it be thy lot,  
Moi Chere Amie! my loved! my forgot!



## TELLE EST LA VIE.

---

'Tis morn! the bark with flowing sail  
Bounds joyous o'er the deep,  
A dewy freshness fills the gale,  
And calm the waters sleep;

The heart of the voyager is rife  
With gay delight, to him this life,  
A scene of pleasure seems ;  
As bright, as peaceful, and serene,  
With nought of gloom to intervene,  
As pictured in his dreams :  
"Telle est la vie" when first we leave  
The home of boyhood's years,  
Ere the young heart has cause to grieve,  
The eye is dimm'd by tears ;  
What schemes of happiness we form,  
All reckless of the coming storm.

'Tis noon ! the sky is overcast,  
Far, far, from sight is land,  
The billows heave, and howls the blast,  
In place of breezes bland ;  
His spirits sink, as muttering round,  
Is heard the thunder's awful sound,  
And faint is seen the play  
Of lightning, o'er the foaming wave,  
Which soon perchance, may prove his grave,  
Those bright dreams fade away :  
"Telle est la vie" when manhood's cares,  
Steal darkening o'er the mind,  
When sunken rocks, and whirlpool snares,  
We 'neath the surface find ;  
Then mourn we o'er those visions bright,  
Those buds of promise, doom'd to blight.

'Tis night ! and now a drifting wreck,  
The bark is onward borne,

No streamers gay her spars bedeck,  
Of helm, and rigging shorn,  
Helpless she drives, with nought to guide  
Her course upon the stormy tide,  
Hark ! how the breakers roar,  
She strikes ! and soon to pieces goes,  
Are ended all the seamen's woes,  
His care and pangs are o'er :  
" Telle est la vie " when feeble grown,  
And powerless from old age,  
The sport of every wind that's blown,  
Where all rude warfare wage ;  
Then worn with buffetings and grief,  
Within the grave we find relief.

Change we the scene,—the storm has past,  
The vessel has withstood  
The fury of the angry blast,  
The rushing of the flood ;  
The elements have sunk to rest,  
Upon the ocean's placid breast,  
Reflected is the ray,  
Of the pale moon, which in the sky  
Rides with a calm serenity,  
And glitters in the spray :  
" Telle est la vie " to *him* who bears  
In meek humility his pains,  
Who casts on One above, his cares,  
And firm in faith remains,  
Reader ! like *his* may thy lot be,  
And may'st *thou* say, " Telle est la vie."



## MEMENTO MORI.

---

The following lines refer to One,—with whom the Author was on terms of intimate acquaintance,—cut short in a career of dissipation, by the hand of death; who was summoned from hence, in the spring-tide of life, “with all his imperfections on his head,” without warning, or preparation. The sight of that form, shrouded, confined, and motionless, which he had seen but a few days previous, all life and spirits; filled with the joyousness, and bright anticipations of youth, made an impression, too deep ever to be erased. May those who are now pursuing a similar path, take timely warning by his fate, and pause, “lest a worse thing come upon them.”

---

I KNEW him in youth's gleeful prime,  
When all was glad, and all was gay;  
When merry as a marriage chime,  
And smiling as a summer's day,  
With song, and jest, and festive mime,  
We passed the joyous hours away;  
The flight of time we heeded not,  
So winged with bliss the moments flew,  
The presage of man's troubled lot,  
Before no darkening shadow threw,  
We thought, nor dreamt not, of the hour,  
When all must bow to Death's grim pow'r.

The world seemed one eternal spring,  
Nought that was gloomy met our eyes,  
Gay sounds of mirth around did ring,  
And flowers did from the earth arise ;  
How fondly does the spirit cling,  
To those bright scenes of sunny skies,  
The prospect *now*, how changed, how drear,  
O'erclouded by the world's alloys,  
And memory drops the bitter tear,  
For him, who shared those youthful joys;  
Whose form now moulders in the tomb,  
Cut off in early manhood's bloom.

When first the morn, in blushing pride,  
Looks forth, the Stag bounds o'er the mead ;  
The Lark upon the gale does ride,  
Exulting in its young wing's speed ;  
The Trout within the glassy tide,  
Glide gaily on, nor danger heed ;  
Around, above, all things rejoice,  
In vernal bloom bedecked, the trees  
Are waving, and the still small voice,  
Of insects, float upon the breeze ;  
We scan the boundless blue serene,  
Where not a cloud is wreathing seen.

The Hunter's bugle wild and shrill,  
Is heard far echoing o'er the plain ;  
The Fowler watches on the hill,  
Nor points his tube of death in vain ;  
Exerted is the Angler's skill,  
Expires the Trout 'mid throes of pain ;

All suddenly, bursts forth the storm,  
Bestrewn with blossoms is the ground,  
Dim vapour does the scene deform,  
And dark destruction hovers round;  
Thus, is the spoiler ever nigh,  
None know how soon his shafts may fly.

Hush'd is the laugh, the ready jest,  
Hushed are that voice's mellow strains,  
Cold is the hand which oft I've prest,  
In friendship, and no light remains  
Within those eyes, whose glance exprest  
Each wild emotion, as the reins,  
Were loosely o'er his passions held,  
Or he perchance had still been here,  
'Gainst all controul his mind rebell'd,  
And little deemed his end so near;  
Amid a scene of mirth, the blow  
Was struck, which laid his form so low.

I gazed upon his pallid face,  
In death's habiliments array'd,  
I gazed,—but vainly sought to trace,  
The smile, which lately there had play'd;  
All, all, had vanished, every grace,  
Which living, had that face display'd;  
A few short hours, such change had wrought,  
As though long, long, and lingering years,  
Had o'er him passed, with trouble fraught,  
An age of pain! and gloom! and tears!  
Oh! may his follies be forgiven,  
And may his soul find rest in Heaven.

Oh ! it is terrible to view,  
    (Stretched motionless upon the bier,  
The face o'erspread with livid hue,)  
    One whom in life we held most dear ;  
To know the soul, we fancied true  
    To us, has left this earthly sphere ;  
That nevermore *that* voice will greet  
    The ear, whose tones we loved so well,  
Those hands no more the grasp will meet,  
    Which told of friendship's fairy spell ;  
We gaze, and scarce believe it aught,  
Than some dark dream, with horror fraught.

Grim Death ! thou art indeed a king !  
    What are earth's potentates to thee ?  
When thou abroad thy dart dost fling,  
    Each face is veiled, is bent each knee ;  
Thou spreadest forth thine ample wing,  
    And gloom prevails o'er land and sea ;  
The rich, the poor, the weak, the strong,  
    Alike are subject to thy power,  
Vain is the struggle to prolong,  
    (When thou dost will the parting hour)  
The tenure of our lives, each tie,  
    Which bound us here, is broken then,  
Is rudely severed. Oh ! may I,  
    Meet that hour well prepared, that when  
My soul is summoned to appear  
Above, it may have nought to fear.





## FASHION'S VOTARESS.

I KNEW her when, as fairy light,  
She 'mid the scenes of childhood stray'd,  
When o'er her laughing eyes so bright,  
The sunny ringlets wildly play'd ;  
Then, all was artless joy and peace,  
Within her gently heaving breast,  
And every hour seemed but t'increase,  
The happiness her smile express'd.

Those promised charms are now matured,  
And grace in every feature dwells,  
But oh ! the smile which *then* allured,  
No longer guileless pleasure tells ;  
Amid the heartless and the gay,  
At Fashion's shrine she bows the knee,  
And passions wild, that breast *now* sway,  
Which *then* from all but peace was free.

Surrounded by a flattering throng,  
With power to please by nature given,  
She moves the glittering crowds among,  
And seems too bright, for aught but Heav'n ;  
With form divine, amid the dance,  
She glides the admired of every eye,  
And voice, whose silvery tones entrance,  
Why then escapes that bitter sigh ?

But could you view beneath the mask,  
Which Fashion's pupils ever wear,

You need not, would not, longer ask  
Can sorrow dwell with one so fair?  
Nor wonder why the starting tear,  
Which vainly oft she strives to hide,  
Breaks forth, from out that eye so clear,  
And down her lovely cheek does glide.

Her mind is like a vessel tost,  
Helpless upon the stormy main,  
The path of virtue once when lost,  
Can seldom be retraced again;  
That face which most in smiles is drest,  
And nought but gaiety reveals,  
Full oft beneath the silken vest,  
The greatest load of grief conceals.

She weeps, o'er joys which now have fled,  
And sighs, 'mid dissipation's round,  
As time steals on with noiseless tread,  
That *there*, true pleasure is not found  
Already does guilt's withering curse,  
Lie, like a load upon her heart,  
Oh! that a mind once pure as her's,  
Should play so vile,—so lost a part.

In vain, amid the selfish crowd,  
She seeks a sympathizing friend,  
And feels with grief, her spirit bow'd,  
That none will consolation lend;  
All! all! are trifling, light, and vain,  
Or,—envious of superior charms,—  
With malice filled, would sooner *pain*,  
Than *soothe* her bosom's dire alarms.

And he !—who first her footsteps taught,  
The flowery paths of sin to tread,  
Those paths which seemed with bliss so fraught,—  
Has to some newer idol fled;  
The spell's dissolved, the charm is broke,  
Which bound her heart in love's soft chains,  
Now, from the fond delusion woke,  
The sweets are gone, the sting remains.

Still to an unobserving eye.  
She seems the gayest of the gay,  
And 'mid the vortex vain does try,  
To chase those gloomy thoughts away;  
Still is she flattered, still caress'd,  
But vows which once did please her ear,  
In their true colours stand confess'd,  
Their falsehood and deceit made clear.

Oh! how I loved that guileless thing !  
Ere folly had usurped her mind,  
She was entwined in every string,  
And fibre, which my heart did bind ;  
She was the idol of my soul !  
Its gushing spring, of light and life,  
And thoughts which through my breast did roll,  
Were ever with her image rife.

Oft breathless with delight intense,  
I've listened to her dulcet voice,  
'Till rapture stole o'er every sense,  
And bade each thrilling nerve rejoice ;  
While as the silvery sounds did ring,  
In liquid sweetness, breathing love,

On bright imagination's wing,  
My soul has soared to realms above.

I fancied her an Angel then,  
And e'er she left her childhood's home,  
She was as pure as spirits, when  
Through blest Elysium's paths they roam;  
Unused to flattery's artful strain,  
The world, and all its gay delights,  
She fell! and now remorseful pain,  
Each youthful hope, and promise blights.



## TO MARGARITA.

---

MARGARITA! tell me why  
Downcast is that flashing eye?  
Why that smoothly polished brow,  
—As parian marble fair,—  
Is by gloom o'ershadowed now?  
Surely nought of care,  
Nought of sorrow, nought of sadness,  
Can have chill'd *thy* young heart's gladness;  
That heart which e'er was wont to be  
Flowing o'er with mirth and glee,  
Which spake in thy voices melody,  
And shone in thy beaming smile,  
That in thy presence misery  
Forgot its woes awhile,

And ceased to feel the bitter smart,  
Caused by affliction's rankling dart.

Wrapped in pensive melancholy,  
Musest thou o'er human folly ?  
On life's false delusive joys,  
Ever mingled with alloys ?  
On confidence, reposed in vain,—  
Fond affections, snapped in twain,—  
Friendships, soon as formed forgot,—  
Words, which from the heart came not,  
Frivolous, and void of meaning,  
Which,—when fain thou wouldst be gleaning,  
Comfort in sorrow or distress,—  
Prove hollow, vain, and valueless ?  
Buds of promise early blighted ?

Vows, in tenderest accents spoken,  
Unto one, now scorned and slighted,  
Who weeps in secret spirit-broken ?

Oh ! no, thine is not the age,  
When open lies the Stoic's page,  
All to thee, as yet is bright,  
Redolent of rich delight ;  
Fraught with pleasure is the past,  
And as retrospection's glance,  
Upon the flower-strewn path is cast,  
Distance, its brightness does enhance ;  
Yet, we know not what the morrow  
May produce, and oft'times sorrow,  
Casts before a darksome shade,  
A warning cloud, which does enshroud

The spirit, is it so fair Maid?  
Dost thou feel, upon thee steal,  
A consciousness of coming ill,  
Which,—like the eddying of the wind,  
Before a storm,—with undefined  
Forebodings does the bosom fill?

They look for thee in the festive hall,  
To join in the segvadille,  
Hark! to the dancer's merry call,  
Hark! to the music's trill;  
No step is there so light as thine,  
No face as thine is fair,  
Tho' many a form of grace divine,  
And many a lovely face is there;  
Full many a gallant cavalier,  
And many a valiant knight,  
Await, thy dulcet voice to hear,  
And to bask in thy blue eye's light.

Then tell me Margarita! why  
Thou from that festive scene dost fly?  
Thy lute beside thee ready strung,  
Thy chamber's lattice open flung,  
Through which the moon-beams sweetly steal,  
And every hidden spot reveal,  
But list!—oh, now I know full well,  
Why thou alone dost here remain,  
For rising on the gale's soft swell,  
I hear the Serenader's strain!  
And now thy gentle bosom heaves,  
A sigh, thine o'ercharged heart relieves,

Thine eyes with joy are lighted up,  
That mantling blush does prove,  
That thou hast quaffed from out the cup,  
The Circean cup of Love!

Maiden! beware his power, the heart  
Once bound by love, is bound for ever,  
He weaves his meshes with such art,  
That none, those silken bonds can sever;  
And should the flowers which now entwine  
So gaily round, e'er lose their bloom,  
A woeful, weary lot is thine,  
So fraught with mournfulness, and gloom;  
But vain I preach, thy bright eyes glisten,  
As to the charmer thou dost listen.

### THE SERENADE.

---

“When the shades of eve are stealing  
O'er the deep, and silent sea,  
And the vesper bell is pealing,  
Wilt thou roam, my love! with me,  
To where the orange flowers,  
Shed their perfume in the breeze,  
And the fragrant myrtle bowers,  
Wave beneath the linden trees?”

“When the nightingale is singing,  
To the rose his evening song,  
And the dulcet notes are ringing  
Those perfumed bowers among;

By yon ruins, old and grey,  
Whose base the ocean laves,  
We'll watch the moon's first ray,  
As she rises from the waves."

"When the fire-fly is glancing,  
Beneath the leafy shade,  
With thy voice my soul entrancing,  
Wilt thou come? my own loved Maid!  
And I'll weave for thee a crown,  
Of the sweetest forest flowers,  
Come! come! when the sun is down,  
To the scented myrtle bowers.

---

Now is thy bright glance cast around,  
Thy lute is caught from off the ground,  
Thy slender fingers sweep the string,  
As thou an answering strain, dost sing.

### THE ANSWER.

---

"Now the silvery moon is shining  
On those moss-grown castle walls,  
And the dance, and song combining,  
In my father's festive halls  
To banish every sorrow,  
I will steal away to thee,  
And the hours of night will borrow,  
To rove, from watchers free.

"Now all nature lieth sleeping  
In a hushed, and calm repose,



From out the postern creeping,  
I'll meet thee, where the rose  
Blusheth sweetly to the tale,  
Which her constant bird of night,  
Is pouring from the vale,  
In strains of rich, and fond delight.

What blissful thoughts are thronging,  
O'er my soul with magic power,  
How my spirit has been longing,  
For this silent, witching hour ;  
Beneath the moon's bright beam,  
With thee, dear youth ! to roam,  
And indulge in love's soft dream,  
Oh ! yes ! yes ! I'll quickly come.



## THE FUGITIVES.

---

THEY left their home in Shiraz' vale,  
That peaceful home of happy hours,  
Where first Abdallah told his tale  
Of love, beneath the cyprus bowers ;  
Twas there he wooed and won his bride !  
Zulieka, beautiful as light,  
Twas there the infant by his side,  
First ope'd its laughing eyes so bright :  
Their dwelling, by the running brook,  
They left, to cross the desert vast,  
And many a longing,—lingering look  
Of deep regret, behind 'was cast :

They thought upon the cedar grove,—  
The spreading fig's umbrageous shade,  
Where olive branches interwove,  
And fountains murm'ring music made ;  
They thought upon each blissful scene,  
Where hand-in-hand they oft had stray'd,  
The morning sun with golden sheen,  
Upon their native streamlet play'd ;  
The goat-bell's well-known, tinkling sound,  
Upon the gale's soft pinions swept,  
They turned —immersed in grief profound,  
They turned,—and bitterly they wept.

The Valley's Lord in evil hour,  
Had look'd upon Abdallah's wife  
With eyes of love, great was his power,  
Henceforward all was gloom and strife ;  
His proffers spurned, aroused his hate,  
Nought Muley Hassan cared for right,  
He seized their lands, his rage to sate,  
Their only safety lay in flight ;  
And so, they left their peaceful home,  
Houseless, and friendless, forth did roam.

“ Oh Allah ! wondrous are thy ways,  
Inscrutable to human ken,  
And every passing hour displays  
The feebleness of mortal men ;  
We murmur at thy high command,  
Nor deem that all is for the best,  
Oh ! do not let thy chastening hand,  
Too heavily, be on us prest.”

Thus,—kneeling down,—Abdallah pray'd  
By his expiring camel's side,  
For three days, had the wanderers stray'd  
Across the trackless desert wide;  
And they had borne their hardships well,  
Without a murmur, scarce a sigh,  
But now, despair began to swell  
Within, at this calamity;  
The fiery simoon's scorching breath,  
Swept o'er the voiceless solitude,  
Struck was their desert-ship by death,  
Exhausted was their drink and food.

He gazed upon his darling child,  
Upon Zulieka's face he gazed,  
Then starting up, in accents wild,  
Like one by too much sorrow crazed,  
“She's dead! the faithful creature's dead!  
And must we perish one and all?  
Oh Mahomet! upon *my* head,  
If angry, let thy vengeance fall,  
But spare!”—all suddenly their slave,  
(Who would not leave them in distress)  
Sprang up, and far on high did wave  
His scarf, while o'er the wilderness'  
Advancing did a cloud appear,  
And drops of joy each eye o'er-ran,  
When gleaming through, was seen the spear  
Of those, who guard the caravan,  
On Jordan's banks, within a verdant dell,  
The rescued Fugitives, at peace now dwell.



## THE DECLARATION.

---

THE gorgeous sun had sunk to rest  
Behind the mountains blue,  
Tinging the brightly glowing west,  
With a rich and golden hue ;  
The gale of even softly play'd  
The rustling boughs among,  
And echoed, from the forest glade,  
The woodman's homeward song.

Upon a verdant tree-crown'd height,  
A lovely maiden stood,  
Just where a parting beam of light,  
Around her form, a flood  
Of radiance cast, and at her feet,  
A youthful lover knelt,  
Who on his hopes of bliss, in sweet  
Impassioned accents dwelt,

“ Cease, Henry ! cease, the flattering tale,”  
Thus tremulous replied  
The maid, then turned toward the vale  
Her face, the tears to hide ;  
“ Go, go, we part to meet no more,  
Thine, I can never be,  
Those vows of love to others pour,  
But tell them not to me.”  
What said the lover, was he mute ?  
Oh ! no 'twas *thus* he urged his suit.

“ Oh ! say not, dearest ! we must part,  
That I no more may utterance give,  
To those fond feelings of my heart,  
Which ever, while I live,  
Will beat for thee ! and only thee !  
Doubt not my truth, my constancy.”

“ Deem not my vows are insincere,  
My tongue is clothed in falsehood's guile,  
Nay, banish love ! that pearly tear,  
Recall thy sunny smile,  
I cannot bear to hear thee sigh,  
Or view the tear bedim thine eye.”

“ Could you but view within my breast,  
You'd see 'twas as a holy shrine,  
By one sweet saint-like form possest,  
Which lovely form is thine ;  
And to that image every thought,  
Does turn, with deep devotion fraught.”

“ 'Tis true that I have bowed the knee  
To others, but I never felt,  
The pure, the deep intensity,  
Of passion as I knelt,  
Come o'er my heart, like that I feel,  
As dearest ! unto *thee* I kneel.”

“ 'Tis true that I have revelled oft,  
And felt a thrill of wild delight,  
When glances languishing and soft,

From bright eyes met my sight ;  
Have oft with rapture, paused to trace,  
A sylph-like form or lovely face."

" 'Tis true that I (and who has not ?)  
Have owned the spell of woman's power,  
But now those dreams are all forgot,  
Those passions of an hour ;  
It is no transitory love,  
Which does for thee, my spirit move."

" Those boyish fancies now are o'er,  
Gone, vanished, like the mists of night,  
And now upon my soul does pour,  
A clear and steady light ;  
Driving each dark cloud far away,  
And death alone, can quench that ray."

" It is a fire caught from above,  
A sacred, e'er-enduring flame,  
Bold in its purity, *true* love  
Knows nought of fear or shame ;  
Such is the love I feel for thee !  
From every sensual passion free."

" 'Twas not thy beauty, first did win  
The adoration of my heart,  
Which caused that flame to glow within,  
Though beautiful thou art ;  
It was the loveliness of mind,  
Which in thy every act's defined."

“It came not on me suddenly,  
But strengthened with each interview,  
And gazing on thine hazel eye,  
More powerful it grew ;  
For there I clearly saw display’d,  
Virtues, with which thy soul’s array’d.”

“Then doom me not to dark despair,  
Without thee life would be a void,  
A dreary waste, a vale of care,  
And sorrow unalloy’d;  
Let but thy smile my pathway bless ;  
And Hope will whisper happiness !”

“I will not, *cannot* say farewell !  
For brighter hours than these may come,  
Thy form within my breast will dwell,,  
Where’er my footsteps roam ;  
My thoughts,—as rivers to the sea,—  
Unceasingly will flow to thee !  
Thou star of my idolatry !”



## THE CONTEMPLATIVE CHILD.

---

CHILD of earth ! why gazest thou,  
With contemplative up-turned brow,  
Upon yon blue ethereal space,  
What seekest thou therein to trace ?  
Thou canst not, like the learned sage,  
Decipher on that wondrous page,

That star be-spangled firmament,  
As 'twere a written book, the event  
Approaching to maturity,  
On wings of dark futurity,  
Which makes, or mars the fate of man;  
Why then so earnest dost thou scan  
The deep blue depths? dost thou aspire  
Those characters of living fire,  
To read, to know their aim and end,  
How formed, and wherefore, or ascend  
Thy thoughts beyond, where angels dwell?  
Do holy aspirations swell,  
Within that youthful breast of thine,  
Aught know'st thou of that power divine,  
That great, that universal Being!  
Maker of all, below,—above,—  
Omnipotent,—unseen,—all-seeing,  
Who guards us with his Heavenly love?

Thy playmates have retired to rest,  
And thou alone with loosened vest,  
Dost stand upon the hillock's crest,  
Amid the darkness of the night,  
Spread by the breeze, thy garments white,  
Seem shedding round a halo bright;  
Like youthful Samuel thou dost look,  
We read of in the Sacred Book,  
Chosen of God, in early years,  
But hush! thy voice salutes mine ears.

“ They tell me of a far-off land,  
The regions of the blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest;



They tell me, all are angels *there*,  
In shining vestments drest,  
And that nought of grief, or sorrowing,  
Is there the bosom's guest."

"They tell me, that a King supreme,  
A Being wise and great ;  
More powerful far than Mortal Kings,  
Dwells there in regal state ;  
They say, that he this earth can make  
Or glad, or desolate,  
That *we* to him are but as worms,  
And in his hand's, our fate."

"The tell me, that the good and just,  
The virtuous in heart,  
Go to that happy place, when they  
From out this world depart ;  
They say, the rich and poor alike,  
Do share in equal part,  
The love divine, which does such bliss  
Unspeakable impart."

"They say, he's merciful, although  
So powerful he be,  
That he will listen to the prayer  
E'en of a child like me ;  
And that his well-beloved Son,  
From sin to set man free,  
In mortal guise, did undergo  
Death's bitter penalty."

"I gaze upon the midnight sky,  
With twinkling stars o'erspread,

And when the pale-faced silver moon,  
    Around her beams does shed ;  
And on the sun, when he does rise  
    From out his ocean bed,  
Or when at eve he sets 'mid clouds,  
    Of purple, gold, and red."

"I ask, who made those twinkling stars ?  
    That silver moon so bright ?  
Who made the sun and guides his course,  
    Dispensing heat and light ?  
Who made the ocean, and the land,  
    Each thing which greets the sight ?  
They answer me, the God above !  
    Of wisdom infinite."

"How boundless then, must be his power,  
—Inscrutable his skill,  
Who can create such wondrous things,  
    And mould them to his will ;  
And oh ! how terrible his wrath,  
    To those whose deeds are ill,  
When summoned to the judgement seat,  
    What awe their breasts must fill."

"My mind is lost as in a maze,  
    I cannot comprehend,  
How one so mighty, and so wise,  
    Can be the infant's friend ;  
Can to his supplication deign,  
    A listening ear to lend,  
O Lord ! upon my youthful mind  
    Enlightenment pray send."



## LAST WORDS OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

---

SPRUNG from obscurity, and raised,  
By superstitious priesthood's guile,  
Awhile the Maid of Orleans blazed  
Like a bright meteor, but the smile  
Of fortune quickly passed away,  
Soon quenched was all that meteor's light,  
And now a prisoner she lay,  
Immured and chained, a mournful sight ;  
But hers was not a common mind,  
High thought is stamped upon that brow,  
To every turn of fate resign'd,  
She hears her sentence, and does bow  
In meek humility her head,  
Escapes no sound or sign of fear,  
Stern Beaufort\* sits beside her bed,  
And watches vainly for the tear,  
Or silent quivering of despair,  
Which tells the inward agony,  
He gazes on her face, and there  
Dwells nought but calm serenity ;

\* These lines were suggested by a print, in which the unfortunate victim of superstitious credulity, is depicted in the dungeon at Rouen, reclining, heavily chained, on a low bedstead, by the side of which is seated Cardinal Beaufort, who appears by his gestures to be exciting her to repentance and confession.

Her hands are clasped as though she prays,  
And commune holds with One above,  
While o'er her lovely features plays  
A rapt expression, holy love  
Is beaming in the Maiden's face,  
She hears his words, but heeds them not,  
Her thoughts are in another place,  
And every worldly care's forgot.  
'Twas hers to perish, 'mid the flame  
Of bigotry's intolerant rage,  
But on the sounding trump of Fame,  
Her name will live from age to age,  
And nations yet unborn, will hear,  
And wonder at her bright career.

The fatal day of death is come,  
And sadly sounds upon the ear,  
The wail of trump, and muffled drum,  
As the appointed hour draws near;  
And now the Maiden forth they lead,  
Her step is firm, though pale her cheek,  
Who stand spectators of the deed?  
Alas! that Briton's e'er should seek  
God's brightest, loveliest work to mar,  
(For Albion's warlike sons they are)  
Alas! that men so true and brave,  
A sacrifice like this, should crave.  
Onward she passes, now the pyre  
They reach, and bind her to the stake,  
Is kindled the consuming fire,  
The forked flames around her break,  
Still dauntless she no fear displays,  
But thus unto the Virgin prays.

"I heard a voice amid the hours of night,  
Saying "Pucelle, arise ! to thee 'tis given,  
Thy country's enemies to put to flight,  
Thou art the chosen instrument of Heaven."

"Go forth and conquer," gladly I obey'd  
The holy call, all fear forsook my breast,  
I stemmed the tide of battle undismay'd,  
And this frail form in armour did invest."

"I felt endowed with superhuman strength,  
Wounds did I heed not, cared I nought for pain,  
I girded on the ponderous weapon's length,  
And the bright shield, this weak arm did sustain."

"Mid scenes of peace my early years had past,  
Trembling I listened to a tale of blood,  
But now undaunted, the rude trumpet's blast  
I heard, and saw gush forth the gory flood."

"In menial offices employed, my tongue  
Could ne'er my thoughts express in courtly phrase,  
But *now* upon my words the people hung,  
And even princes listened with amaze."

"My councils swayed a nation, unto me  
Was given the guidance of the ranks of war;  
Before our powers did the foeman flee,  
With fear beheld our banners from afar."

"Mother of Jesus ! whose all-seeing eye,  
Can view each inmost thought, and vain desire,

Which clings to erring, frail mortality,  
Receive my soul from out this funeral pyre."

"*Thou* know'st my country's good was all my aim,  
For this I left my home of joy and peace,  
No guerdon asked I, no reward did claim,  
Ne'er sought my power or riches to increase."

"I felt myself the delegate of Heaven,  
As is the weapon in the warrior's hand  
By a resistless impulse onward driven;  
The scourge of *those*, who scourged my native land."

"And if,—when in the zenith of my power,—  
Vain glorious thoughts e'er rose within my mind,  
Oh! pardon them, and at the judgment hour,  
Let this worn spirit, rest eternal find."

"Forgive my foes, who now exulting gaze,  
As forth they lead me to the scene of death,  
And grant me strength, amid the faggot's blaze,  
To praise thee, even with my latest breath."

"The flames are kindling, wild shouts rend the sky,  
Spirit of holiness! my race is run,  
Stedfast in *hope*, and firm in *faith* I die,  
Glory to thee! the Father! and the Son!



## RANALD MAC EAGH'S DYING INJUNCTION.

[FROM SCOTT'S LEGEND OF MONTROSE.]

---

"SON of the Mist! as thy fathers be free,  
Build ye no shieling, no pasture enclose;  
Let the deer of the mountain thy sustenance be,  
And if these fail thee, prey on the flocks of our foes.

"Barter not freedom, for riches or power,  
Own ye no master, receive ye no law;  
In the days of abundance, or famine's dark hour,  
No aid from our pampered oppressors e'er draw."

"Oh! never the mountain and thicket forsake,  
For the soft couch of down, or the stone-cover'd roof;  
On the heathery hill-side, thy resting-place make,  
And from all the allurements of ease keep aloof."

"On the wild craggy steep, in the wood-sheltered vale,  
In manhood,—old age,—when the rude wintry blast  
Howls round thee, or summer breathes soft on the gale,  
E'er keep to the faith of thy fore-father's fast."

"Remember! we once were a powerful race,  
'Till scattered and driven, a handful, to roam  
Oppressed, and insulted from every place,  
Which was dear to our hearts, as our infancy's home."

"Those who then in the land, were but hewers of wood,  
And drawers of water, are lords of the soil;  
For us is the wilderness, mountain, and flood,  
We never can stoop as *their* bondslaves to toil."

“ May my curse be upon ye to life’s closing hour,  
If ye mercy e’er shew to the race of Monteith !  
Darnlinvaroch !—Diarmid ! when placed in your pow’r,  
Spare not *one* of their riders, retainer, or chief.”

“ The time’s not far hence, when those spoilers will fall  
On each other, like blood-hounds, which fight o’er  
their prey ;

Then vainly on us, they for mercy must call,  
’Twill be *their* turn to suffer, *ours* to burn and to slay.”

“ But they who a kindness have shown to our clan,  
Ne’er that kindness forget, though an army pursue  
For vengeance a murderer, if a Mac Ian !  
Let the fugitive find a protector in you.”

“ For in Glencroe and Ardinmuchan, we have dwelt,  
Unmolested among them, for many a year ;  
They heard our dark tale, for our injuries felt,  
And vowed to stand by us, should foemen appear.”

“ Then up ! and away ! be as free as the wind ;  
’Gainst the houses of man shake the dust from thy feet  
And let these my last words, be still fresh in thy mind,  
When the sound of my voice hath thine ear ceased to  
greet.”

“ Farewell ! mayst thou die as thy fathers have died,  
Ere’ thy mental and bodily powers have ta’en flight ;  
Revenge wrongs ! requite favours ! and be it thy pride,  
To preserve the name left thee, untarnished and  
bright.”





## THE CAMBRIAN'S BOAST.

---

AP Morgan—Ap Griffith—Ap Shenkins—Ap Roe !  
Was a very, a *very* great man, you must know ;  
So *he* thought, at least, and *he* ought to know best,  
To the north, to the east, to the south, and the west,  
Spread the boughs of his geneological tree,  
Oh ! he was a man with a *long* pedigree.

The roots of this tree were so deep in the earth,  
That no one could tell, where 'twas first they had birth ;  
They spread 'neath the land, and they spread 'neath the  
    sea,  
And the shoots they gave forth, throve so vigorously,  
That they sprouted up *here*, and they sprouted up *there*,  
In short, the Ap Morgans ! were every where.

Now so widely they spread, and so numerous they grew,  
And so much of the sap they for sustenance drew,  
Like wicked, undutiful children, who thrive  
On that, which should keep their dear parents alive ;  
That to save the original trunk from decay,  
Stern necessity bade, they should be cut away.

'Twas accordingly done, and the roots thus deprived  
Of parental protection, still won'drously thrived,  
And took other names, such as Robinson ! Jones !  
The Mac Nabs ! the Mac Greggors ! O'Haras ! O'Hones !  
And a great many others, I can't call to mind,  
But all had distinguishing titles assigned.

Released from its burthens the family tree,  
Of Ap Morgan,—Ap Griffith, and company !  
Shot up, and became the delight of all eyes ;  
Its wonderful boughs appear'd propping the skies,  
O'er Plinlimmon, and Skiddaw, a shadow it cast,  
And it stay'd in its progress the fierce northern blast.

As those off-sets grew up, they got boastful and proud,  
And would often be talking, and vaunting aloud,  
Of the root whence they sprung, and even would dare,  
Themselves, with that King of all Trees, to compare ;  
And say, as much honour was due unto them,  
As that which was paid the original stem.

“If you ask me what *fruits*, by this tree were produced,  
My friends! I to boasting but little am used,  
But I am a sample” Ap Morgan would say,  
As—keeping Saint David's high festival day,—  
On a large Mountain Goat, in the town he was seen,  
With a Leek in his hat-band, so fragrant and green,”

“I but spoke in a rich, allegorical style,  
And,” here the great man would triumphantly smile,  
“I think you'll confess, when you look upon me,  
*Od splutter her nails!* that the fruits of this tree,  
At once are the handsomest, bravest, and best,  
Of the nations, by which the wide earth is possest.”

'Twas agreed to *nem con* by the Cambrians all,  
Men,—women, and children, rich,—poor, great and small,  
That their Countryman like a wise oracle spoke,

And loudly and long, did they laugh at the joke,  
To think other folks, in their own estimation,  
Should ever compare with this Cheese-toasting nation.

“ Ye O’Hones ! and O’Haras ! go hide in your bogs;  
You are nothing *at best*, but a parcel of hogs,  
Your food is potatoes, ye wallow in dirt,  
With a hay-band for stockings, and never a shirt !  
Who,—so ye get *poteen* and *whisky* galore,—  
Care for nothing in life, but to fight and to roar.”

“ Ye Mac Nabs ! and Mac Greggors ! down, down in  
each glen,  
Hide your heads, now diminished, ye bare-legged men ;  
Ye promoters of pillage, and every disorder,  
And stealers of cattle from over the border ;  
Staunch lovers of plunder, and haters of law,  
Whose music’s the *bagpipes*, whose drink’s *usquebaugh*.”

“ Ye Robinsons !—Jones’s ! in cities who bide,  
And call yourselves masters, and lords of the tide ;  
And boast of your bravery, learning, and sense,  
Of your wide-spread dominions, and riches immense ;  
Ye consumers of *roast beef* and *gin* and *strong beer*,  
If you’d view your superiors, pri’thee come *here*.”

’Twas thus, in full chorus, the Cambrians sung,  
Then set up a shout, which is said to have rung,  
From Cardigan Bay to the Thames’ golden strand,  
Then echoing rolled o’er each far distant land ;  
O’er Isthmus, and Island, and Continent vast,  
Whose inhabitants deem’d that a hurricane pass’d.

The Mohawk, ceased digging for Musk-Rats, and Moles,  
 The Russian, ceased torturing innocent Poles ;  
 The Dutchman, his pipe dropped, the Caffre, his lance,  
 'Twas heard in New Holland, as plain as in France ;  
 And the Carlists in Spain, were inspired with such fear,  
 That they fled, as though Evans were close in the rear.

Oh! could I but wake, like Cadwallon, the string,  
 Old Cambria! how widely thy praises should ring ;  
 Thou country so famed, for thy Blankets and Cheese,  
 For Goats-flesh, and Mutton, but far above these,  
 For thy Children, the *fruits* of that Wonderful Tree,  
 The valiant, the wise, who ne'er conquered could be.



## A NATIONAL SONG.

---

A garland,—to hang upon Liberty's shrine,—  
 Of the Rose, and the Thistle, and Shamrock, entwine,  
 And let it be bound, with Oak leaves around,  
 With the tendrils wreath'd of the fruitful Vine;  
 And may feelings of brotherhood, peace and good-will,  
 The hearts of the Britons united, e'er fill.

---

THE Rôse that is blooming in Albion's bowers,  
 Is the loveliest, the sweetest, of nature's flowers ;  
 In modest pride, like a blushing bride,  
 Sheltered secure when the storm-cloud lours ;  
 Long! long! may it blossom, delight of the brave,  
 Hail'd by nations around, as "the Queen of the Wave."

The Oak that is growing on Albion's plains,  
 For centuries, it vigour, and strength retains ;

The leafy spread, of its kingly head,  
The furious wind in its might restrains ;  
Long ! long ! may it flourish, undecay'd to the core,  
And carry our thunders from shore to shore.

Like the Rose, are the Daughters of Albion's race,  
Excelling in purity, beauty, and grace ;  
With hearts that feel, for another's weal,  
Kindness you may in each action trace ;  
Like the Rose may they blossom, from spoilers secure,  
And their beauty, and purity, ever endure.

A true type is the Oak, of Albion's Sons,  
As in action, they stand to their country's guns,  
The blast may rend, but it ne'er can bend,  
Unyielding and firm, 'till their life-blood runs ;  
May success on their efforts for Freedom e'er smile,  
And Prosperity reign, o'er our " Sea-girt Isle."

Caledonia's Thistle, amid the brown heath,  
Rears its hardy head, the rude crags beneath ;  
Dear symbol wild, of Liberty's child,  
May Slavery, ne'er with its blighting breath,  
Come thy native straits, and thy glens among,  
Famed for martial deeds, and the Poet's song.

Hibernia's Shamrock, so fresh and so green,  
Clothes hill-side and vale, with a dazzling sheen ;  
Ever verdant and gay, as the smiles which play  
O'er her children's face, where rich humour is seen ;  
Oh ! ne'er may the clouds of Adversity blight,  
That sparkling wit, or that smile so bright.

Then here's to the Lass, with the Tartan and Snood,  
 And to Norah, whose cabin though humble and rude,  
 Is blest with content, and a sweet charm lent,  
 By her! in whose presence no care does intrude;  
 And *last* though not *least* of the Trio, here's She  
 Of England! "the Land of the brave and the free."



## THE ROSE OF CASTLE HOWARD.

[SEE PLATE.]

---

"A child at play  
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,  
 As rosy and as wild as they."

*Moore.*

---

IT was the noontide hour! I wandered on,—where  
 boughs o'er-arching, formed a leafy screen, impervious to  
 to the hot sun's burning ray,—holding sweet commune  
 with the thoughts which rose within my breast; thoughts  
 fraught with by-gone joys, from retrospective memory's  
 treasure-house, where silent they had lain for many a  
 year, called by the influence of the scene around, once  
 more to view. Amid the selfish cares, the all-engrossing  
 cares of busy life, those feelings warm and generous are  
 forgot, those blest emotions of life's blissful spring, that  
 age of bright anticipations,—dreams, as evanescent, and  
 as beautiful, as is the bow which spans the ethereal arch,  
 when from the vale, the storm hath passed away.

"The visions of youth! oh, how glowing and bright,  
 Ere' the cares of this world cast their gloom on the mind;  
 When before us, we see nought but joy and delight,  
 Nor think of the clouds, which are gathering behind."

In after years, we know them to be false,—fleeting,—delusive, yet 'tis very sweet, to live that blissful period o'er again, once more to dream these dreams, once more to roam, by rivulet and hedge-row; and to pluck the fragrant flowers, and sing the joyous songs, of earlier days.

As the tired wanderer o'er the fiery desert, does hail with thankfulness the Oasis with its sheltering palms, and gushing fount; so does the spirit, worn with buffetings, all gladly furl its wings, and sink to rest upon those verdant isles, which rise from out "the sea of memory;" those green spots, where all else,

"Is weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable."

'Twas thus I mused, when suddenly there came, a burst of childish merriment upon mine ear; and clearer still,—more vividly distinct,—the scenes of my own childhood were recalled: then hastening on, I stood, without the shelter of the forest trees, upon a gentle eminence, and gazed down on an emerald carpeted, and flower-bespangled dell; enclosed on every side by frowning woods, while at the farther end a tiny lake,—upon whose shore a fairy structure raised its marble dome,—lay like a mirror, flashing back the sunbeams, in a flood of iridescent light. And there, within the midst of this bright scene, a child, a beauteous child, with flaxen ringlets and blue eyes, which sparkled with delight, was wandering alone, like some young Peri 'mid the bowers of Eden. "Art thou the guardian Spirit of this fair domain, sweet child? and is yon Temple, on the lake's green banks, thy dwelling place? Now dost thou stand, and fix thine eyes intently, as though lost in thought, as thou didst meditate upon the beauties which surround thee,

"Looking through Nature, up to Nature's God;"

while from thy parted lips, thou lispest forth a nursery hymn of praise and thankfulness, unto thy great Creator, and Preserver." "Anon a smile, bright as the sunbeam flashing on the wave, plays o'er thy cherub face; thy gladsome laugh breaks forth, and thou dost bound across the velvet turf, as light and gracefully, as does the wild Gazelle amid its native hills."

"For many a mile around, the waving woods,—green meads,—and fertile fields, bow to the Earl of Carlisle as their Lord; and not far hence, in stately pride, doth stand the princely dwelling, of the princely Howard's;

within whose veins, the purple tide of royalty, hath flowed in ages past." "That castellated mansion is thy home, and thou a scion art of that proud stock, than which—in Britain's annals,—none can boast a greater or more glorious name." "May all good Angels guard thee round about, and shield thee from adversity, and keep thy mind as pure, as free from stain—when thou dost mingle with the selfish world, dost tread the giddy round of fashionable follies,—as it is now: farewell! sweet Wild Rose of the wilderness!"

Thus saying, from the spot I turned away, repeating as I went the following lines.

"Beautiful blossom of a noble stem,  
Gaily thou sportest o'er the verdant green,  
Guileless and pure, as is the garden's gem,  
Of flowers the queen."

"The spreading lawns, the silvan groves and fields,  
Are scenes where first thy laughing eyes saw light,  
And as you rove, each passing hour reveals  
Fresh objects of delight."

"The variegated butterfly to chase,  
With joyous shout, across the grassy mead,  
Or in the bubbling spring to view thy face,  
To thee, are joys indeed."

"Sheltered secure from adverse fortune's tide,  
And blessed with parents, affable and mild,  
With every wish of thy young heart supplied,  
Thou art a happy child!"

THE END.



## ERRATA.

- Page 1 line 5 *for* reveberating *read* reverberating  
6 line 6 *for* emersed, *read* immersed.  
17 line 6 *for* frail *read* flail.  
26 line 26 *for* Muzzin, *read* Muezzin.  
33 line 28 *for* spirts, *read* spirits.  
37 line 15 *for* forn *read* form  
53 line 23 *for* the, *read* their.  
63 line 24 *for* with influence, *read* with their  
influence.  
74 line 10 *for* and consideration, *read* and no  
consideration.  
86 line 20 *for* when, *read* whom  
104 line 5 *for* consecrated, *read* consecrating.  
106 line 7 *for* furze, *read* fern.  
136 line 17 *for* Ponoma, *read* Pomona.  
140 line 7 *for* clouds, *read* chords  
142 line 2 *for* shall, *read* stroll.  
143 line 19 *for* dim. *read* din.  
144 line 2 *for* in the, *read* on thy.  
151 *for* Møi Chere Amie, *read* Ma Chere Amie.

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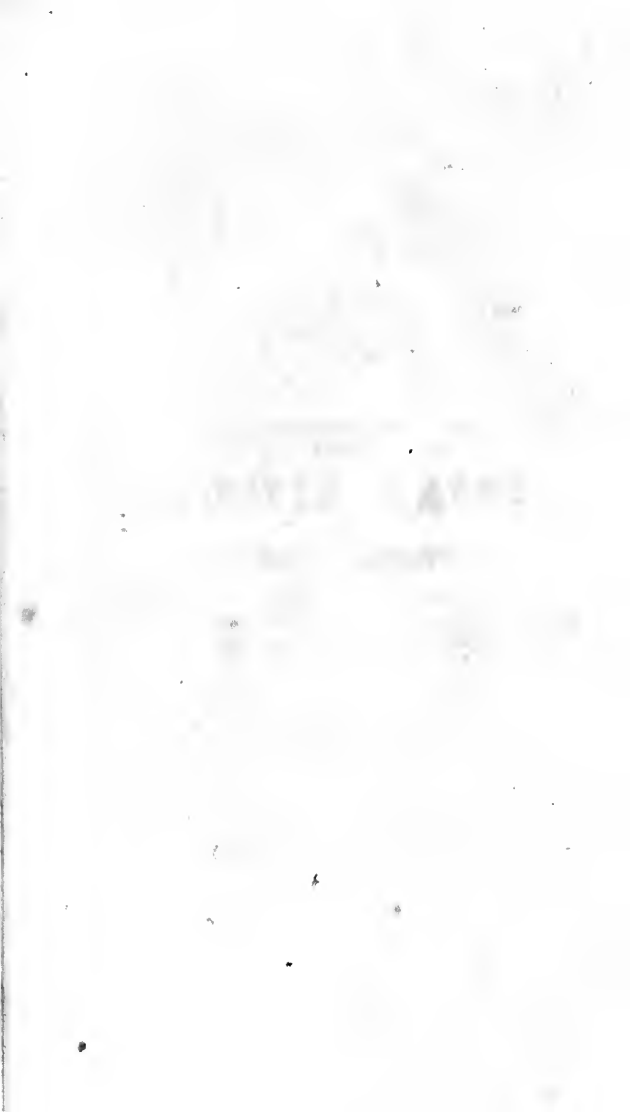
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